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LANVIN

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60610, principal office. Registered Office: New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Latta, President; D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscription \$9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands \$10 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all others \$14 a year.

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BOOKTALK

Walt Dillon won't smile as history is set straight for serious gun collectors

For arm collectors, and particularly those who specialize in hoarding revolvers, will find the appearance in the United States of two books of British origin which fill in great gaps in the history of the revolving pistol. They are *The Revolver 1818-1865*, by A.W.F. Taylorson, R.A.N. Andrews and J. Frith, and *The Revolver 1865-1888*, by Taylorson alone, the first published by Crown Publishers, Inc. (\$7.50) and the latter by Bonanza Books (\$3.49), a division of Crown.

The emphasis in both books is, naturally, on British patents, but, as Taylorson, an Oxford-educated lawyer who found the bar boring, has said, "This is not an expression of nationalism, but merely the simplest way of viewing the field; most inventors with a good design idea patented their devices in several countries, so listing the British patents gives a pretty fair coverage of the protection secured elsewhere."

The coverage is, indeed, rather more than fair, ranging from hand-rotated flintlock pepperboxes to the seven-shot Chicago Protector pistol, which looks pretty much like a trout reel with a stubby barrel sticking out of it. It includes pistols with the trigger placed on the barrel, instead of beneath, together with some ugly, monstrous contraptions capable of firing 20 shots without reloading.

Illustrations are lavish and most of them will prove fascinating to the student. The text in both of these volumes is strictly business, however, with no concession to entertainment.

Entertaining, nevertheless, is Taylorson's blasphemous opinion of frontier America's historically famous Colt Peacemaker, which can be seen flashing out of holsters almost any night on television. "The Colt company," he writes, "produced one weapon known to every reader, whether collector or layman." But he adds, "The Peacemaker was not a particularly well-designed arm."

"The rod-ejector was weak," Taylorson goes on, "and easily disabled by rough handling, and the cylinder-pin sometimes jarred out, in firing, to the embarrassment of the user. However, with all these defects, the arm became a fighter's side-arm, and it is little exaggeration to say that whatever parts broke, or failed, the pistol could still be fired."

As for Colt's double-action Model 1878, which when chambered for a .44 magazine rifle cartridge was known as the Frontier model, Taylorson found it "rather frail."

"It had the advantage, over the single-action pistol, of a butt integral with the frame, but it was a miserable arm," he writes. Smile when you say that, Taylorson.

—MARTIN KANE

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SCORECARD

FULL IN THE FALL

Professional football, which recently lost an interference call to an 88-year-old children's classic, is now being pushed around by baseball. The national pastime's decision to extend its season two more weekends into the fall to allow for divisional playoffs and then the World Series is likely to cause early-season havoc for the 15 NFL and AFL teams that play in baseball parks.

The Minnesota Vikings, for instance, are very much concerned, because the Twins' regular September schedule and October playoff and Series possibilities leave the Vikings with only one sure date before Oct. 19. With Minnesota winters as they are, it is not salubrious for the Vikings to put off too many of their home games to the end.

And the Vikings already know something about autumnal uncertainty. Had the Twins won the pennant in 1967, as they nearly did, the Vikings could not have played their early October game with the Cardinals at home, as scheduled, and would have been unable to swap dates because the baseball Cardinals were also involved. The Vikings asked for the use of the University of Minnesota field if necessary and were turned down. Fortunately for pro football in Minnesota the Twins blew that last series to Boston.

The problem is not, of course, just the Vikings'. Eight other NFL clubs and six in the AFL use baseball stadia. Apparently baseball may rule that the division winner with the higher won-lost percentage is the host for the playoffs. So what parks baseball will need for the playoffs might not be known until the regular season is completed, Oct. 2, and by then it might be too late to find alternate football sites.

If indeed there are any alternatives to find, College fields are the only evident ports in the storm—the 49ers are looking to Stanford, the Bears to Northwestern, the Lions to Michigan, the Colts and Redskins to Maryland and so on.

But the NCAA has recommended that colleges not allow the pros to use their facilities, except in emergencies. Somebody had better start doing some fast coordinating.

CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT

The University of Tennessee football team has a dirt boy. At any rate, one of its managers is designated to bring along a bucket of dirt whenever the Vols play at home. UT Quarterback Bubba Wyche says he throws better with a dry, dirty hand, and he insists that resin doesn't help. Without the bucket, since the Neyland Stadium field is covered in Tartan Turf, Wyche would have to go beneath the stadium to find any soil.

GETTING RACY

We were going to recommend this week that Penny Ann Early—who has so far been prevented by male-jockey boycott from becoming the first lady flat-race rider on a major American track—be allowed to play, instead, for an American Basketball Association team. She seemed a little too sizable (115 pounds) and colorful (in her interviews she was sounding more and more like Mae West) to be overshadowed by horses anyway, and the ABA's red-white-and-blue game ball is the next best thing to silks. It seemed the perfect solution. But then it happened. The Kentucky Colonels signed her to a one-game contract. Now all we can do is (1) trust that Penny Ann does not do well enough as a Colonel to make the ABA look bad; (2) say, as Penny Ann's father is reported to have said when informed by his daughter that she hoped to be a jockey, "jeez"; and (3) wonder why Bill Vecek, who was announced last week to be the next president of Suffolk Downs racetrack in East Boston, Mass., did not get to Penny Ann before basketball did.

It probably isn't because Vecek is getting old and stuffy. It may be, in fact, that the former demon promoter of baseball, the man who invented the midget

pinch hitter (let's see . . . a giant jockey?) has something even better than dust-tuff riders in mind. Last week he had a few things to say about change in baseball and racing. Looking back on the former sport, he said: "Pro football has made continuous changes for the past 25 years, always trying to make the game more interesting and exciting. What changes has baseball made? It took the collar off the players' uniforms, the players can no longer leave their gloves on the field and they're allowed to wear white shoes. Yippee!"

So what is Vecek going to do to enliven racing? Well, "we have to attract young people, give them an identification, make them feel it's going to be gay and fun." O.K., but specifically. "Remember the Marx Brothers," Vecek specified, "in *A Day at the Races*?" Jeez.

ORANG'S GALLERY

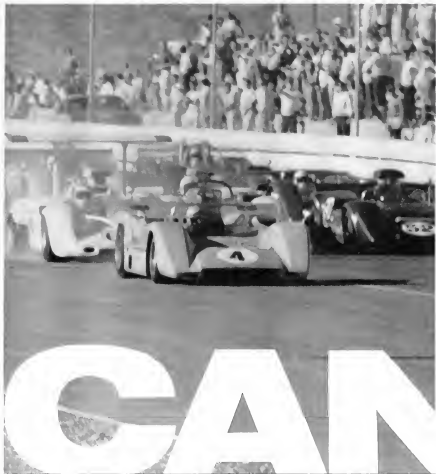
The following guideline has been tentatively laid down by some Japanese zoologists: "The best method for conserving the orangutan, one of the animals



closest to man, is to treat it like a man." That is, fingerprint it.

Some time ago, to preserve the species from extinction, the world's zoos compacted not to buy orangutans except through approved channels. But at a recent international meeting of zoologists the Japanese were accused of winking at the illicit ape traffic in their country. Stung, the Japanese animal men came up with a face-saving plan: to fingerprint the nation's orangutans and have mug shots made of them.

continued



Denny Hulme and Gulfpride® Formula G take

Denny Hulme won it all November 10th at the Stardust International Raceway.

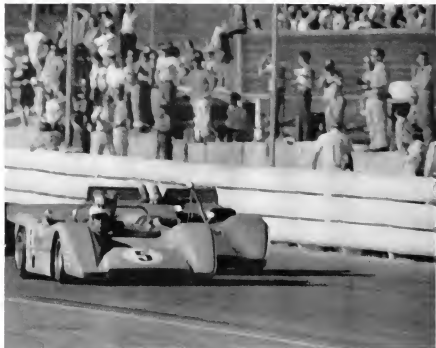
Going into the first turn ahead of everybody, he stayed ahead for 70 laps to win the finale of the 6-race Canadian-American Challenge Cup series at a record 113.1 m.p.h.

For Hulme, it was the third Can Am victory of the year. His teammate, car builder and driver Bruce McLaren, came in close

enough behind him to capture second in the series standings.

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SCORECARD *continued*

The point is not to shift any opprobrium over to the orangutans themselves, but rather to keep them straight. If the proposal is officially adopted by the Japanese Zoological Association, every Japanese orangutan in good standing will have its face and prints on file so that, if an ape is picked up on suspicion of being clandestine, the authorities could just look it up.

As simple as that. Except that last week at the Tama zoo in Tokyo they tried to fingerprint the first orangutan, and the result, as reported by the scratched and sweating keeper who tried to do it, was that "after two hours of earnest persuasion, we ended up with fingerprints on everything except the official form. It is frustrating and difficult work."

The mug shots ought to be easier, though.

THE 500-MILE BOIL

It is warming to know that, while the nation slogs through winter, someone is out there, somewhere, cooking up a fast new end-around on the United States Auto Club for next spring's Indianapolis 500. Everyone recalls last year's wonderful controversy involving the turbo-cars—which didn't win anyway but did provoke the USAC old guard to slap enough restrictions on the racing rebels to put them down for all time. Well, it turns out there is more than one way to perk up a car.

Off in a onetime military air base near Reno, the Lear Jet people are cutting metal for a new 450-horsepower Indy race car. It will have 40% front- and 60% rear-wheel drive, says Inventor-Industrialist William Lear, and will corner like crazy. "We not only expect to be in the race," he says, "we expect to be the winner." Is Lear going to a tiny turbine? No. Ah, perhaps an electric car? Uh-uh. The new car will use white kerosene, he said. It will have a boiler sitting there beside the driver, and it will run on . . . steam.

And, as if that were not enough to upset traditionalists, Andy Granatelli, who introduced turbocars to Indy, says that he, too, is thinking about a steam car—this time a steam-turbine car. He has assured everyone that "we have the know-how to do it." All the 500 needs now is a car with a whistle on it, like a locomotive.

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guard down; they have plenty of rules to govern oldtime piston engines, but things are pretty vague on steam. The board meets Jan. 11 to consider this one and, if it accepts the new cars, you can bet that Memorial Day 1969 will be another wild one. What USAC is just starting to realize is that, even now, someone somewhere has a race car all built and is standing there, looking speculatively at an atomic reactor.

BY THE NUMBERS

The National and American Football Leagues are going to ask a computer why so many of their boys keep getting hurt. Every detail, except one, on every major and minor injury this year from preseason games to the Super Bowl will be fed this January into the computers at the University of Michigan.

The information is coming in now on questionnaires filled out by trainers and team physicians. Each report lists the manner of contact on which the player was hurt. (Was it a clip, a crackback block, a pickup? Was he gang-tackled? Was he speared? Was there a rules infraction?) Other data include the player's experience, his team status, whether the injury is new, the temperature, condition and type of playing surface and the exact nature of the equipment worn by the victim and the man who hit him.

The one missing detail will be the victim's name.

No pro owner wants the others to know the exact location and nature of an injury to any of his properties, so social security numbers are used instead. It is all the same to the computer.

THE GOLF CRUNCH

The first head-to-head tournament battle between the Professional Golfers' Association and the new American Professional Golfers—the rebellious touring pros—will take place Jan. 9-12. The \$100,000 Los Angeles Open has gone AFG. The new \$50,000 Alameda County Open, at the Sunol Valley Golf Course about 40 miles from San Francisco, has just signed a contract with the PGA.

The Sunol people are gambling their \$50,000 and expenses on the PGA's threat to seek injunctions against any of its members who play in an unrecognized tournament. Joe Black, PGA tournament chairman, says, "It takes six months for a letter of resignation from the PGA to become effective, and

continued

...or on the tee



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THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

SCORECARD *continued*

we have none on file." With a legal threat held over their heads, some golfers may decide either to sit out the weekend or to play at Sunol for less money and less trouble. Thus Sunol could pick up a representative field cheap.

CLEANUP MOVIE

An evening film-making class in the English seaside town of Hove, Sussex has been given a novel assignment. The mayor has asked it to make a 15-minute color movie of dogs sniffing the local roads and beauty spots.

"Our main concern," says a council official, "is to clean up the town. Not that our town is worse off than anywhere else." The film will be shown to women's groups and other organizations that include dog owners, but apparently not to dogs themselves. The message will be that citizens should take their pets to the six recently installed and so far underpatronized "dog lavatories" in the town. "We are trying to educate the public," explains the official.

NOMS DE NOM

Albert Davis, Tennessee A&I's heralded sophomore fullback, hasn't always been Albert Davis, at least officially. When young Albert entered Hall High School in Alcoa, Tenn., he went out for football without his mother's knowledge. After he made the team he told the coach his identity would have to be concealed.

It was simple enough to leave Albert out of the program, but since his home was less than a block from the field, there was the danger that Mrs. Davis would hear her son's name over the public-address system. Therefore, as Davis tells it today, he went through one full season before the secret leaked out and his mother reluctantly gave her consent.

"as I lyah Smith, Rufus Brown and or Willie Watson."

THEY SAID IT

■ Wayne Valley, co-owner of the Oakland Raiders, after 41-year-old George Blanda and 37-year-old Cotton Davidson had quarterbacked the Raiders to a 43-7 win over Denver: "We're the only club in pro football with two quarterbacks old enough to run for President."

■ Billy Cunningham, 76er forward: "I'm still taking those weird shots like I did at North Carolina. Trouble is, I've taken them so often I keep forgetting they're weird."

END

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THE SUBJECT IS ROSES

Ohio State's Woody Hayes could sit back and sniff the flowers as his gang of teen-age fakers hid the ball from Michigan, won the Big Ten championship and headed for the No. 1 bouquet in Pasadena by **DAN JENKINS**

The chronicles of college football say that Chick Harley's running built that old prison of Ohio Stadium in Columbus as surely as Jackie Onassis is going to build the next Parthenon, but if the Buckeyes play the game for 100 more years—long enough for the place to be double-domed in memory of Rex Kern and Jim Otis and John Tatum—Ohio State will not spend a more ecstatic Saturday than it did last week when the teen-age tyrants of Woody Hayes folk-rocked Michigan 50-14.

Ohio State is accustomed to good football teams, and Woody Hayes in his 18 stormy years as coach produced three of the best. He turned out the Hopalong Cassidy team of 1954, which was 10-0, the Bob White team of 1957, which was 9-1, and the Bob Ferguson team of 1961, which was 8-0-1. Each was rewarded with a mythical national championship of one kind or another, but last week Woody was showing off the team he insists is the best of the batch. By the time a few thousand hysterical youngsters had stopped doing the boogaloo around the stricken goalposts of Ohio Stadium and had marched off to seize downtown Columbus instead, there was no reason to doubt him. The Buckeyes may have to whip USC in the Rose Bowl to get the national championship Woody thinks they deserve, but on Saturday they looked capable of taking on several dozen John Waynes out there in Pasadena and surviving. At the very least O. J. Simpson vs. Woody's rebels with

a cause will be something to stay sober for on New Year's Day.

This Buckeye team is unlike any of the other memorable ones, and not just because it throws passes, uses reverses and revels in fakery—things that Woody Hayes used to think belonged in basketball. What it brings to the football field is the maniacal enthusiasm that only youth can have, combined with a confidence that stems more from the optimism of immaturity than from the experience of age.

Last Saturday, Ohio State went into its gray concrete edifice containing 85,371 people—an OSU attendance record—with five 19-year-olds on the starting offensive unit and five more on defense. Of the top 22 players, 10 were sophomores. This entire Kiddie Korps had been wound up so tight by Hayes that it was ready to do what a Buckeye banner in the crowd commended: KILL.

And kill it did, not just in the final score but in terms of what one team can do to another with repetitious hitting and ball-hogging. The Buckeyes tackled with a ferocity that would have made Bear Bryant tip his hat, and when Michigan needed the ball to try and catch up the Buckeyes simply kept it. For all but 4:36 of the third period and 2:49 of the last, when they panted on the 23 points that made the final score something for No. 1 pollsters to brood about, the Buckeyes had the ball.

The Ohio State defense wanted to hit anything that moved, and did. The most

evident figure in this regard was John Tatum, a headhunter deluxe. A 19-year-old cornerback from Passaic, N.J., he is the fellow who hounded Leroy Keyes into obscurity when OSU shut out Purdue 13-0. Tatum is a ball hawk who prowls around in the OSU defense like Woody Hayes prowls the sideline. He will go to left corner, right corner, cheat to the middle, take the deep receiver, move to the line and blitz. He will make a mistake, but then turn around and run 30 yards to catch the guy who tracked him, as he did to Michigan's Ron Johnson on the one play all afternoon in which the Big Ten's all-time single-season scoring leader got loose from a smothering cluster of scarlet jerseys. There are a lot of other hitters on the defense, but Tatum seems to make his victims bounce higher. His very first shot in the Michigan game separated Wolverine Quarterback Dennis Brown from his senses and the football.

As hard as the Buckeyes are on defense, they are just as exuberant on offense. The player who epitomizes their attitude is Quarterback Rex Kern, another of those 19-year-olds. Kern is a redheaded, sweet-faced sophomore with a silver bullet for a heart. He stands in there calmly, faking as if he had an hour or two to run a play, but when he rolls out he gathers momentum and, finally,

continues

Quarterback Rex Kern, the Buckeye bootlegger, makes Michigan wonder where the ball is.





just before he is tackled, he hauls off and bushes into the defenders as if he is trying to find out how many bones he can crack—his and theirs, combined. Through Ohio State's nine regular-season games Kern has managed to sprain his ankle, almost fracture his jaw, suffer muscle spasms in his back and get knocked cold twice. But he keeps coming back like a Warner Baxter movie, and he was certainly there Saturday, even though he had missed three workouts during the week while being patched together, a fact that Woody Hayes had kept a secret. "A good general always makes you search for his weaknesses," said Hayes, who is thriving on military quotations and allusions these days.

The thing one likes best about Rex Kern, aside from his ability to mend, is his gall. One of the high points of the Michigan game came when he ran out of bounds on a keeper, got blasted groggy by a Michigan linebacker—who drew a well-deserved 15-yard penalty for the assault—and wobbled back to the huddle, where he ignored a play sent in by Hayes, called his own signal and gained 14 yards before bouncing into the same linebacker. Later, when he should have been enjoying the role of invaluable star, Kern was the first man who dashed off the bench and across the field to try and add his weight to a rousing fist-fight. He is, in sum, enough to make Woody Hayes forget his collection of General Patton quotes.

While Kern looks like the model football player in his scarlet and gray at 6' and 180 pounds, Jim Otis, the fullback, looks like the model golf cart. Another of the offensive hitters, he is listed at 208 and 6', but he is so broad in the shoulders that he seems more like 4' 9" and 260. Despite his cement-block build, Otis is a quick starter, and last Saturday he butted his way relentlessly into the heart of Woody Hayes and into the bellies of Michigan as he tore through the Wolverines for 143 yards and scored four touchdowns. It was Otis and his hammering on a crucial second-period drive that turned the game into a certain Buckeye victory.

Through the first quarter and a half, with the two teams exploding in all directions and the score tied 14-14, the

crowd had every reason to suspect that before it was over the game might rank as a battle up there with El Alamein. But then the Buckeyes unleashed Otis on what Kern later described as Ohio State's best drive of the season. The circumstances made it extra-special: Michigan had just tied the score on a one-yard touchdown drive by Johnson. Larry Zelina, another of the brilliant OSU sophomores, took the kickoff back 58 yards, but his run was nullified by a clip. Instead of being on Michigan's 41, Ohio State was back on its own 14, facing into a stiff wind and with the momentum swinging to the Wolverines.

To start things off, Otis plowed for six, nine and three yards on the first three plays. He turned it over to another fellow for one play, and then squirmed through the middle for 11 yards. He ultimately carried the ball nine times on a 17-play drive for 46 of 86 yards, including the final two yards over right tackle for the touchdown that put Ohio State ahead to stay.

After each of his four touchdowns Otis went slightly berserk, jumping up and down, hugging anything near him dressed in red, turning in circles, raising his clenched fists and, once, trying to throw the ball into the Olentangy River. But it is doubtful that he or any of the Buckeyes was more revved up than Woody Hayes himself. The older a man gets, the more precious a big victory becomes, it seems, and Woody's case was special even beyond that. He had not had a nationally acclaimed winner in seven years, even though he had been favored to have a couple, and he had not been to the Rose Bowl in 10 years. He had seen his ranks depleted by higher academic requirements and a no-redshirt rule. And he had witnessed a change in the game toward high-powered offenses, a trend that did not suit his own football philosophy. Worst of all for a giant in the trade, he had heard it whispered that football, just possibly, had passed him by.

For all of these reasons, Hayes stood in his dressing room last Saturday afternoon, an American Beauty rose clutched in his hand, and called the Michigan win his "greatest ever." He said again, with Hopalong Cassidy right

there beside him to nod agreement, that this was the best Ohio State team he had ever had—yes, even better than Hoppy's in '54.

The statement merely repeated what he had obviously felt before his Bucks leveled Michigan. On Friday night, at a party at John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm, Hayes had talked about the fact that he coaches as hard now as he ever did. "Coaches used to say the hay's in the barn after a Thursday workout, but that's wrong. You have to keep thinking through Friday, right up to game time, in fact. You have to consider emotions. Just like today, for instance: Our kids were tight, I thought. Worried. They are young, and this is their biggest test. I said to 'em, 'You all just clinch your fists for 10 seconds as hard as you can, and then take a deep breath. After that 10 seconds is how you're supposed to feel when you go into a football game. Relaxed, confident, but determined.'"

When this latter-day Woody Hayes gets to talking, he often keeps on, and one subject leads him into another at mid-paragraph, with quotations mostly from generals and admirals flying out like the confetti from the Ohio Stadium rooting section. Somebody remembered how once, a while back, Hayes was on television talking to one of his tackles, explaining why he had worked his team out in the cold and rain. It was because they were going to Wisconsin, where he expected the weather to be foul. "As Admiral Doenitz said, 'If you're going to fight in the North Atlantic, you've got to train in the North Atlantic.'" Woody told the tackle. To which the player replied, "I'd rather fight in Florida, Coach." Everybody laughed, and now Woody began talking again, saying how this is his greatest team.

"I think we deserve to win," he said. "I think we've proved we can win. I think we have the right attitude to win, and athletes who know how to win. I'll tell you something. We will win!"

Somewhere in all this, while Woody was winning on Friday night, he paused to quote Walt Disney—Admiral Disney, right?—to sum up the way he has coached these players of his who have brought to him more talent than he's ever had. "It's what you do with what you've got," Woody said the quote went. Which was his way of saying an old coach doesn't always gather moss in glass houses. **END**

Fullback Jim Otis (above) dives in for the first Ohio State touchdown as Quarterback Kern exits. Michigan's Ben Johnson (40) leaps to far less avail when met by a wall of red.

DERBY DRUGGING CASE DRAGS ON

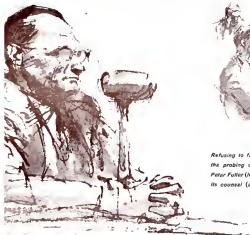
by WHITNEY TOWER

Louisville's Freedom Hall, "home of the best in college basketball" and just a few furlongs from Churchill Downs, is the current locale of horse racing's biggest controversy: the running of the 94th Kentucky Derby last May 4. The first horse across the finish line that day was Peter Fuller's Dancoer's Image, who was subsequently denied first-place money of \$122,600 by the stewards after the chemist's report that his post-race urine test showed illegal traces of the pain killing medication phenylbutazone, commonly known as Butazolidin. In a drab, lemon-colored room at Freedom Hall, from which photographers are barred, Fuller is appealing to the five-man Kentucky State Racing Commission to reverse the stewards' ruling. After Fuller's lawyers offered a crash course in advanced chemistry that had some commissioners yawning, the hearing concentrated on various tests conducted by Chemist Kenneth Smith and his associates. Attorneys Stuart Lampe, Arthur Grafton and Ned Bonnie are trying to prove that Smith is guilty of what they call "technological obsolescence," and that he has made so many errors that his



tests and his testimony are of no probative value. Smith has declared he would stake his life and reputation on the now famous sample 3956 U being positive. If the commission agrees that Smith's testing was faulty, that will be the end of the case and no one will ever know whether Dancer's Image really was drugged and, if so, what the drug was and who did the drugging. If the commission backs up its stewards, Fuller's lawyers undoubtedly will appeal that ruling to the courts, and any attempt to solve the mystery will be delayed for more months. There is no doubt that the competence of racing's tests for evidence of drugging must constantly be checked and maintained. But this is obviously an issue subsidiary to the overriding need of maintaining the integrity of racing's premier event. The responsible Kentucky officials must clear up the Derby drugging mystery, not merely ascertain whether Kenneth Smith is a reliable technician. At the rate everyone is going, the field for the 95th Derby will move into the starting gate on the afternoon of May 3, 1969 before we know what happened behind the scenes on May 4, 1968.

DRAWING BY NICHOLAS SOLOWOFF



Refusing to face his questioner, Chemist Kenneth Smith responds to the probing of Attorney Arthur Grafton (opposite page, center) as Peter Fuller (left) and Ned Bonnie listen. The five-man commission and its counsel (above) take a chemistry lesson from the Fuller team.



STICKS DOWN, GLOVES OFF, PLAY!

That was the atmosphere as the Boston Bruins and New York Rangers paused in their hot pursuit of league-leading Montreal to belabor one another while relighting the fires of their traditional grudge rivalry **by MARK MULVOY**

The hockey teams of New York and Boston are worlds apart in style, but the moody Rangers and the rugged Bruins have two aims in common. The first is to vault past Montreal in the National Hockey League. The second is to maim one another. Sometimes it is a little difficult to tell which goal is the more important. For years the talentless Bruins and Rangers exchanged stitches merely for the entertainment of their violence-prone fans—at one time it got so fierce that the Rangers' president put a bounty on the head of Boston's Ted Green—but now that they can skate, shoot and check just like big-league teams they are looking beyond the emergency wards to wonderful, impossible things like Stanley Cups.

Last week, hard behind Montreal in the standings, the teams met for their first massacre of the season, and the big, bad Bruins gave the Rangers a big, bad beating, both on the ice and on the scoreboard. Did this mean that the Bruins now must be considered the one team with a chance of catching the Canadiens? By no means. In the volatile world of hockey a team can be magnificent one night and appalling the next. Those disgusting Rangers were the same men who had whipped the Canadiens in a brilliant game the previous Sunday; those masterful Bruins the same patsies who seem to have terrible trouble with the expansion division. It is the fans' hope that the race for the pennant will continue to be as tight in March as it was last week, and their prayer that Boston and New York will have a little something left, after their private war, with which to pursue the chase.

For the first few minutes of Saturday's game in Boston there was nothing to bring forth the "gutter language" of the

galleries that later was to dismay the gentleman from *The New York Times*. The teams sparred casually, working to establish control of the tempo of play.

Then it happened. Dave Balon of the Rangers hit one of the Bruins with his stick, Defenseman Green—Terrible Teddy, as he is known in New York—went after Balon and knocked him down. Reggie Fleming, the Rangers' ancient policeman in the absence of tough Orland Kurtenbach, who is out with a hack injury, cruised to the scene. Don Awrey, another Boston defenseman, grabbed Fleming and the two of them became locked in a pushing match. Green got to Balon with a few more punches, and soon the dispute was over.

But it was in that melee that the Bruins took charge of the game and sapped the Rangers' will to win. Big forwards like Ken Hodge, Eddie Shack and Johnny Bucyk crashed into New York players again and again. The Rangers never retaliated, and soon their attack collapsed completely as their usually crisp passing game deteriorated into a series of icing violations. With the Boston forwards roaming at will, and with Bobby Orr, the best defenseman of them all—and possibly of all time—controlling play from the blue line, the Bruins methodically beat down the Rangers 5-1. Only the superior goaltending of New York's Eddie Giacomin prevented the Bruins from doubling the score.

So the Bruins won Round 1, and at the same time they tied the Rangers for second place. At the end of the week, as the race reached the quarter pole, the Bruins and Rangers were only a point behind the Canadiens. It is an interesting fact that all three teams had favorable schedules during the season's first 18 games. Each played expansion teams 10

or more times, Montreal losing only once and New York twice. But Boston blew three games to the expansionists. In the next three weeks the schedule offers some respite for Toronto, Chicago and Detroit—teams which might conceivably make their own passes at the Canadiens. But if they do so it will be over stern resistance from New York and Boston.

This stretch especially will test the mettle of the Rangers and their rookie coach, Bernie (Boom Boom) Geoffrion. Geoffrion, who has much respect for money, believes that all opponents should be treated as stickup men out to take your life savings. That is the way he played for Montreal and New York, and he finds it difficult to accept the idea of the Rangers not being keyed up for every game. "We played against Montreal at home last week," he said, "and we could not have played a better game. Before it started I came into the dressing room and could tell right away that they were up. Really up. Then we win and go into first place."

"So a couple of nights later we play against Los Angeles. My guys should be up just by thinking about the game they played against Montreal. But I go into the dressing room before the game, and I can tell you they're not ready to play. And look what happened. I got to speak to them before the third period. I won't tell you what I tell them. That is my secret. But we score three goals and we win."

Part of the reason for the Rangers' inconsistency has been the season-long slump of their most productive line—

continued

Officials separate Bruins' Awrey (26) and Rangers' Fleming; Boston's John McKenzie scores Goals Ed Giacomin and Arne Brown





one with Jean Ratelle at center and Rod Gilbert and Vic Hadfield at the wings. As of now Ratelle has eight goals, Gilbert seven and Hadfield only five—a marked drop from their early performance a year ago. “You cannot blame a center [Ratelle] when a line has a slump,” Gilbert said. “You blame the wings. We are supposed to put the puck into the net. We are not doing that.” Both Gilbert and Hadfield have had more than their share of shots on net (Gilbert 73 through mid-November, Hadfield 64), but the puck refuses to go in. “Rod is taking too much time to get off his shot, and he is bringing his stick up too high,” said Geoffrion, once one of hockey’s most feared goal scorers. “He’s got to use his wrists more.” Hadfield winds up for his shot, too. Gilbert, the team’s *bonafide*, is optimistic. “You get into slumps like this,” said Rod, “and then you come out of them with two or three goals in a game.”

Fortunately for the Rangers, their second line, with veteran Phil Goyette at center and Bobby Nevin and Don Marshall on the wings, has responded during the Ratelle line’s out-to-lunch hiatus. Nevin, in fact, was at the top of the goal-scoring list for a time, and as the week ended he had 13. He always has been one of the best two-way players in hockey; only now, however, is he getting the recognition he deserves. “I’m not doing anything different,” says Nevin, who scored 28 goals last year. “But I don’t kill penalties anymore, so I’ve got a little more strength every time I go out on the ice.”

Nevin and Gilbert share a two-bedroom Manhattan bachelor apartment on East 65th Street, right in the middle of the First Avenue Combat Zone where stewardesses, secretaries, nurses and models pursue males, particularly male athletes. Gilbert and Nevin are pursued with considerable intensity. One thing is certain: no girl need worry if a Ranger should get sore at her. As the Boston game demonstrated, the Rangers seem to have forgotten how to hit. Opponents stand around the crease and harass Giacomini, getting very little attention from the Ranger defensemen. Harry Howell, the 36-year-old who is the only rem-

nant of the old Rangers, is still their best defenseman, but not heavy. The three others, Jim Neilson, Arnie Brown and Rod Seiling, have improved; if they ever play up to their true abilities week in, week out, Eddie will have all the protection he needs. Fortunately again for New York, Giacomini minimizes the team’s defensive deficiencies with his superb play in goal. And in one respect he is unique. In this era of platooning, Giacomini is the only full-time goalie still playing in the NHL; all other teams now rotate a pair.

The present-day Rangers for the most part are the product of one man: General Manager Emile Francis. When Francis replaced Muzz Patrick in 1964, he immediately decided to change the image of the Rangers. “We had players like Andy Bathgate and Camille Henry scoring well for us,” he said, “but we were missing the playoffs anyway. I wanted to clean out what we had and start all over.” Then he went to work to construct the team New York has now, leading the Rangers into the playoffs two straight years.

Last year, with the problems of expansion added to the advent of the universal player draft, serving as general manager and coach became too much for Francis. Having talked Geoffrion out of retirement and onto the Rangers two years before, he now asked him to be coach.

“Before someone can give orders he’s got to be able to take them,” Francis said. “Bernie did everything I told him when he played for me. He also was a winner all those years in Montreal, and a coach has got to be a winner.”

Geoffrion has brought some pizzazz to Madison Square Garden, which certainly needs it. He wears blue suede shoes with his custom-made suits and custom-made shirts. His jet-black hair is neatly styled. He speaks in a Gallic croak that can’t always be quoted but certainly makes for ears-open listening.

After the Rangers beat Los Angeles last Wednesday, people were asking him what he said to snap the team from its lethargy. “A secret,” he told them. Someone asked if he had used four-letter words. Geoffrion put on a who, me? face and said, “I am Catholic.”

Geoffrion works the Rangers hard but does not overawe them. A few weeks ago Hadfield phoned Geoffrion and posed as a newspaperman needing an

interview. Hadfield questioned Geoffrion for 25 minutes, then said, “Thanks, coach,” and broke up.

“I got news for Hadfield,” Geoffrion says now. “I will be on my toes from now on.”

If he keeps the players on their toes, they will be well paid. Geoffrion and Francis believe in the bonus system, and every player—even the Ranger trainers—has at least one bonus clause in his contract. Of course, there would be bonuses for Boston, too, if the Bruins just happened to beat out the Rangers, the Canadiens and all the others—certainly a possibility for any team with that much firepower. Boston has only one real weakness: in goal. Gerry Cheevers is impenetrable when he is on, but occasionally he turns cold. Ed Johnston, Boston’s other goaltender, suffered a severe head injury four weeks ago when he was struck on the temple by a deflected shot in a pregame warmup. He will practice this week, but may not play for a while. The Bruins, who once had Bernie Parent and Doug Favell of Philadelphia as their goalies of the future, now are trying to trade for a competent major league spare.

Still, the Bruins have Bobby Orr to control play about 35 minutes of each game, and that is a towering advantage. At the start of the season it was feared that Orr had not recovered from the three operations on his knees of the last two years. Obviously he has; as Rod Gilbert said after the game in Boston, “That Orr. He seems to skate faster now than he did before. And he has got a few new moves.” The Bruins’ defense is better, too. Green is a solid defender. Don Awrey and Dallas Smith are strong, tough and durable, and this year young Gary Doak has given the Bruins the best fifth defenseman in the league.

Generally the mark of a solid scoring team is reflected in the caliber of the centers. The Bruins have three outstanding ones—Phil Esposito, Fred Stanfield and Derek Sanderson—who scored at least 20 goals apiece last year and look better than ever. Sanderson, who was Rookie of the Year last season, has a terrible temper, which Coach Harry Sinden has managed to control somewhat. But already he is one of the league’s best face-off specialists, and against the Rangers he beat Ratelle consistently.

Whether the Bruins will consistently beat the Rangers is debatable, but what a war it promises to be.

END

Boom Boom was given in Boston but still could enjoy play of pros like Bob Nevin (top, right) and Don Marshall, scoring on Kings.

STILL ALIVE BECAUSE THEY'RE KICKING

The Rams beat the Giants on a last-ditch field goal, but should they face the Colts for the Coastal Division title they'll need more **by TEX MAULE**

The way it seems to be going with the Los Angeles Rams these days, it's no fun unless they scare their coach, their fans and themselves half to death before winning. Earlier this season, losing to Green Bay 14-13 with less than a minute to play, the Rams won on a Bruce Gossett field goal. The next week they let Atlanta take an early 14-0 lead before waking up. Two weeks ago they were headed for a disastrous loss to San Francisco when, with 17 seconds left, Gossett saved them again with a field goal that tied the game. Finally, last week against the New York Giants, the Rams trailed 14-0 at halftime, surged ahead 21-14, let the Giants tie it up with 42 seconds left and then won it 24-21 on still another Gossett field goal with four seconds to play.

Oddly, victory was less essential to the Rams than to the Giants, whose defeat all but killed what little chance they had to catch Dallas in the Capitol Division. Division titles are decided on a won-lost percentage, tie games not included. Since the Rams and the Baltimore Colts have lost only one game each and since they meet at the end of the season, the team that wins that game—assuming no further losses before then—will win the Coastal Division title.

The victory was essential for the Rams' ego, however, and it was a satisfying one for George Allen, the young coach who has lifted the team out of mediocrity in three years. Against the Giants, the Rams produced a flat, uninspired first half chock-full with errors of execution. The Giants scored two touchdowns and both were the results of gifts.

The first came after Eddie Meador, who usually drops a football once every two years, dropped one twice in two seconds. He fumbled a punt, recovered it, fumbled again and saw it scooped

up by the Giants' McKinley Boston on the Ram six-yard line. Fran Tarkenton cashed in on that misplay with a three-yard pass to Tucker Frederickson, who sneaked out of the Giant backfield totally unnoticed and was wide open in the end zone.

Curiously, Ron Smith, the other Ram safety, duplicated Meador's miscue on the next Giant punt and again Boston recovered, this time on the Ram 27. There were only 27 seconds left in the quarter, and Smith might have considered the possibility of letting the punt alone. Given a second break, Tarkenton hit Tight End Aaron Thomas with a 22-yard touchdown pass.

Throughout the first half the Giants contained the stodgy Ram offense with superior speed and opportunistic play by their secondary defenders. They intercepted two Roman Gabriel passes, and their surprisingly good line held the Ram runners to 35 yards. But the Giants are a young team, and like most young teams they break down sooner or later under stress. They began to unravel in the second half, and the Rams took advantage of their mistakes.

The Giants lost their poise in the first minute of the second half. The Rams, playing without Bernie Casey, their best receiver, had Wendell Tucker, a Kansas City Chief dropout, playing flanker. Tucker has speed but a reputation for hands like Ping-Pong paddles.

Gabriel, obviously discarding the rather pedestrian game plan which had produced nothing but monotony, decided to gamble on Tucker's Ping-Pong paddles. He sent the youngster down on a deep post pattern against Scott Eaton, the Giant left cornerback. Tucker went straight down the sideline, broke suddenly toward the middle and was three steps in front of Eaton at the Giant 25-yard line when Gabriel's pass came

down. The ball was a trifle overthrown but Tucker stretched, made a remarkable fingertip catch and raced in for a 60-yard touchdown.

That play, coupled with a rash of needless penalties that kept them in deep difficulty most of the second half, destroyed the Giants' fragile composure. The penalties were foolish ones—piling on, tripping and clipping—and after one piling-on penalty, the culprit, 25-year-old Willie Young, compounded his error by protesting so vehemently that he was kicked out of the game. Since the Giant offensive line is not deep, his loss was a serious one, and the Rams scored again the next time they got the ball. Gabriel took it in himself from 19 yards out.

"The play was a pass-run option," he said later. "I was looking for Jack Snow, but when I saw the hole open I took it." He howled over a hapless Giant defender near the goal line, something he can do, since he stands 6' 3½" and weighs 225.

Just as the fourth period started, the Rams scored a third touchdown to go ahead, and it appeared that the Giants were in full flight. But by now the Rams' massive front four—David Jones, Roger Brown, Merlin Olsen and Gregg Schu-





As he has done several times this year, Bruce Gossett kicks a field goal in the final seconds against New York to bail the Rams out of trouble.

macher—were beginning to trip over their tongues after a long afternoon spent in comic pursuit of Tarkenton, who at 190 pounds seldom runs over anyone but can leave you feeling slightly silly. In a peculiar stop-and-go march in which he once gained 20 yards on a scramble, Tarkenton finally brought the Giants back even with an 11-yard pass to Thomas with 42 seconds left to play. The fans who began to leave the Coliseum should have stayed—or at least told Gabriel that the game was over.

When the Rams got the ball at their 30-yard line after the kickoff, there were 41 seconds left to play. The Giants went into a prevent defense, using a three-man rush, and Gabriel promptly picked it apart, taking the team to the New York 29. He hit Mike Dennis on a 17-yard sideline pass, and twice he called draws with Tommy Mason carrying the ball through the middle of the attenuated—and astonished—Giant line. Finally, in came Gossett and the Rams had won another laughter.

Although the victory kept the Rams virtually locked with the Colts, it could hardly have made them overconfident. Against a Giant defense which has been so completely rebuilt in the last two years

that just two starters remain from 1966, the Rams could move only sporadically. Gabriel completed nine of 20 passes for 154 yards, but he had two interceptions. The Ram ground game, against a defense not notable for invulnerability to a good running team, was barely adequate. Neither Dick Biss, who has recovered from the injury which slowed him for a long time, nor Willie Ellison, who played the whole game at halfback, are game-breaking runners. They grind out small, steady gains, but neither is enough of a threat to distort a defense.

With Bernie Casey out, Gabriel's corps of receivers was unimpressive. Of the nine passes Gabriel completed, five were to his running backs, and the only really significant catch made by a spread end or a flanker was the 60-yard touchdown pass Tucker caught. It was his only catch of the day.

After the game, George Allen sipped a paper cup full of milk to soothe his ulcer and talked in a hoarse voice.

"When the season started," said the Ram coach, "I was the only milk drinker on the team. Now about half the guys on the team are drinking it. It seems like we have to come from behind almost every week to win. We call the sec-

ond half the Rams' half, but it's tough. It shows a lot of character. At the half today, we figured we only had 30 minutes of life left, what with Baltimore winning. We had to win. We're not playing great football but we're getting by, and one day we'll put it all together. Each week a different guy makes the big play. Today it was Wendell Tucker, with Casey out."

Allen can draw some consolation when he remembers that in 1967 the Rams survived a flat spell in midseason which saw them lose one game and play two ties on successive weekends, then explode into violence to overwhelm their opponents in the last month of the year.

They need much the same kind of regeneration now. Their next three opponents are the Vikings at Minnesota, and the Chicago Bears and the Colts in Los Angeles. At least two of those teams—Minnesota and Baltimore—will surely be tougher than the Giants. If the Rams do not raise the level of their play for Minnesota this week, the Baltimore game on the last Sunday of the season could be meaningless. If that game does decide the Coastal Division championship, it will require a superhuman effort by the whole Ram team to win it. **END**

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

While the two rival pro leagues wait in the wings, pens poised over checkbooks, giant Lew Alcindor—along with the usual few dozen other fine athletes—is back for one more season at UCLA. This means that the Bruins no doubt will become the first basketball team in history to win three national championships in a row. Or does it? Oklahoma A&M, Kentucky, San Francisco, Cincinnati and, not too many years ago, UCLA itself all won two straight but failed to get the third. Mindful of this and the fact that the Bruins can be had—in the past two seasons USC and Purdue came close, and last January Houston finally did pull off an upset—there is a growing army of excellent players and coaches who are determined that they will have to be beaten in the arenas, not by the wire-service polls. Some of the best are pictured on the following pages; others will be found in the ensuing scouting reports on the country's top 20 teams. The stiffest challenges this year should come from the South, where North Carolina, Kentucky and Davidson have powerful teams led by star juniors (see cover). Notre Dame, which opens its splendid new field house Dec. 7 against UCLA, is another contender, along with New

New Mexico State, hard by the White Sands weapons proving grounds, this winter will do some exploding itself with Coach Lou Henson's stars Jimmy Collins (left) and Sami Lacey.

Cincinnati, a riverfront town that cherishes its oldtime paddlewheelers and college basketball, is relying on Jim Ard, Coach Tay Baker and Rick Roberson to navigate a sure course to the top.

CHALLENGE

Mexico, Kansas, Villanova and a handful of other schools. Any one of them would love to overtake UCLA, this season especially. Next year Big Lew will be off becoming a millionaire, and where is the challenge without Alcindor?



Santa Clara Mission, a replica of the Franciscan church built in 1777 on the site of the present university campus, looms behind Broncos Coach Dick Garibaldi, shown with his fine frontcourt of Dennis Awtrey (standing) and brothers Ralph (left) and Bud Ogden

Marquette, a French Jesuit missionary, 300 years ago explored Lake Michigan. Al McGuire, coach of the university that bears the intrepid father's name, stands on its shores with his brilliant sophomore Dean Meminger (left) and Team Captain George Thompson.









Kansas Coach Ted Owens remains in the shadows as sophomore Dave Robisch (kneeling), a sure starter, and lettermen Bruce Sloan (left) and Phil Harmon, who will be tightly pressed by more sophomores, take their places in the sun on Mount Oread, near the campus.

New Mexico s hopes are high as Albuquerque's Sandia Mountains Coach Bob King, sophomore Willie Long (standing, center) and veterans (from left) Ron Sanford, Ron Becker, Howard Grimes and Greg Howard could climb to the top even without an aerial tramway.



THE TOP

20

TEAMS



Villanova, in the posh suburbs of Philadelphia's Main Line, should be equally tough when Jack Kraft plays Johnny Jones (left) and Frank Gillen (right) with classy Howard Potter

Six teams from the South, five from the Midwest and a scattering from other sections will be among the leading contenders for No. 1 national ranking. The list, compiled by Joe Jares, Curry Kirkpatrick, Peter Carry and Billy Reed, is followed by scouting reports on other outstanding teams in the country and a look at the small colleges, Kenyon of Ohio in particular, and at the parlous state of ball handling.



UCLA

"I think that very conceivably we could have the finest front line that college basketball has ever had," says UCLA Coach John Wooden. Of course, any front line that had Lew Alcindor at center would be scary, even if the two forwards were Tom Thumb and Tiny Tim. Alcindor's attributes, aside from playing musical instruments, are reasonably good basketball skills coupled with height—officially 7' 1½", although Centers Rusty Clark of North Carolina and Dennis Awtrey of Santa Clara, rafter scrapers themselves, claim he is at least 7' 3".

Whatever his exact measurements, Alcindor has dominated the college game for two seasons and most likely will rule this one. And the Bruins have considerably more than Tom Thumb and Tiny Tim to help him.

There is 6' 5" Lynn Shackelford, whose strange, long-distance jump shot makes him the perfect complement to Alcindor; 6' 6" Curtis Rowe, who averaged 32.6 points and 18.5 rebounds on last season's undefeated freshman team; 6' 8" Sidney Wicks, a tough rebounder who averaged 26 points a game in junior college, and Jim Nielsen, an unpolished but effective boardman. If Alcindor gets injured or tired, in will go 6' 8½" Steve Patterson, a red-shirt last season who in practice gave Alcindor some of his toughest games of the year.

But somebody has to shepherd the ball upcourt. Tricky Mike Warren used up his eligibility, and Lucius Allen is also gone, having managed to avoid classrooms but not marijuana and the law. So Wooden must do some fancy transplants. "We just don't have any as good around," he says, "but neither does anyone else."

One transplant patient is 6' 3½" Kenney Hertz, who started at forward on the national championship team two years ago but rode the bench most of last season. He is deft and imaginative at getting the ball to Alcindor but still feels more at home in the corner. Bill Sweeney, another forward, seems to be the Bruins' best at leading the break-neck fast break. But the search for a backcourt man might end up with Wooden getting out the old Purdue sneakers and having a go at it himself, particularly if Don Saffer, the one man who has played the position before, doesn't recover from a back injury.

Wooden experienced his least successful seasons when UCLA was inexperienced at guard, but in none of those years did he have Lew Alcindor.



North Carolina

Spero as a name may have meant nothing before last summer, but for 20 years it has stood for beer, burgers and basketball in Chapel Hill. Spero Dorton, who runs the Goody Shop, one of the land's best campus drinking emporiums, says of the Vice-President elect: "He spells his name with an I, I with an E. We're supposed to use Y. But it's been a good year for us Greeks. Now if Carolina can play some basketball, everything will be perfect."

In the last two seasons North Carolina has played a lot of basketball, winning 54 games and reaching the NCAA finals each year. The performances are reminiscent of the seasons leading up to 1957, when the Tar Heels won 32 straight games and the national championship. But Spero is nervous. "You can't expect to win, win, win all the time," he says. "People shouldn't be disappointed if we don't play up to last season."

Spero may be working on a reverse whammy. The Tar Heels lost only one man from the team that finished second in Los Angeles. He was Larry Miller, Carolina's best shooter, ball handler and leader, but Coach Dean Smith has plenty left, not the least of whom is 6' 10" Center Rusty Clark, who came fast toward the end of last season. He and Bill Bunting, a quick forward whose 6' 8" height is mostly neck, will get more rest with the arrival of Lee Dedmon, a 6' 10" sophomore. Joe Brown, 6' 5", is a strong offensive rebounder. The backcourt, with Dick Grubar, Gerald Tuttle, Eddie Fogler and Jim Delaney, is swift-handed and defensive-minded, but its shooting is suspect, which means that North Carolina will have to go to another man for the points, leadership and the meal money—6' 5" Charlie Scott, fresh from the Olympic Games with a gold medal around his neck and a new wife on his arm. Scott averaged 17.6 points last year while playing second banana, and he is a gloriously exciting player who can—and will—play all over the court and do just about everything but paint the ball blue for the Tar Heels. That includes scoring.

Reinforced with Scott's multiple talents, Smith can talk more easily about a schedule that includes early-season games with Kentucky, Vanderbilt and Villanova. "We're the same team as last year," he says. "Except we start every game with Larry Miller having fouled out. Maybe Charles can replace Miller, but then who replaces Charles?" Maybe Spero can tell.

Kentucky

Except on certain days decreed according to Adolph Rupp's whim, Kentucky basketball practices are right out of a Mayor Daley convention, the security of Pentagon West—as the court is known underground—being tightly protected by militant managers posted hard by the gates. Professional Rupp-watchers, and these are legion around downtown Lexington, like to nudge each other and say, "Well, the old boy's brewing up another great one."

Rupp may or may not be, but this much is certain: at 67 and only three seasons away from mandatory retirement, Rupp is nearly as ambitious as he ever was—and he has been around Kentucky 38 years. "He's done the best coaching job this fall I've ever seen him do," says Assistant Joe Hall. Already the most successful coach in history, Rupp should win his 800th game sometime early next year. "Why should I write the story of my life now?" he asked recently, "when the best may be yet to come?"

But he fell immediately into coachly caution about the 1968-69 squad. "We're ranked much too high," he said. "We're having trouble finding a second forward and we lost six good seniors." The Kentucky schedule, he could have added, is demanding; but let the moaning cease right there. The team that ranked fourth in the nation last season has four returning starters and Rupp is brewing something special in the fastness of his practice court.



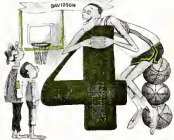
At least three-fifths of that something are last year's "Super Sophs"—Mike Casey, Dan Issel and Mike Pratt—all wiser and tougher as juniors. Casey, homegrown and off the farm, showed up for practice with a sore arm, the result of a barnyard accident. He is Rupp's kind of player, lean and quick and aggressive, and Rupp says if LSU offered Pete Maravich in a straight swap, he would keep Casey. Issel ranks with Florida's Neal Walk and Georgia's Bob Luerhard as the best big men in the Southeastern Conference. Pratt is the team's catalyst: dependable, unshakable and grossly underrated. The team has only one senior, 6' 1" Phil Argenio, which shows to what depths Kentucky's recruiting had once sunk. But there are two deadeye shooters, Terry Mills and sophomore Greg Starrick, and only Rupp knows what other surprises lurk behind these gates. The best may come this year.

Davidson

All five starters are back from the 24-5 team that won the Southern Conference championship; the toughest league opponent, West Virginia, is now an independent; of 27 games, only eight are on the road—and one of those on a neutral court; they have muscle, shooting, defense, experience and rebounding. As they might say in rural North Carolina, "Am'n no way Davidson's gonna lose many."

Davidson College, a liberal-arts school 20 miles north of Charlotte, has 1,000 men students, and it seems as if at least half of them are blue-chip basketball players just drooling to get off the bench and help operate Coach Lefty Driesell's double-post offense. The Wildcats are older and wiser than when they lost to North Carolina by just four points in last season's NCAA Eastern Regional. They could reverse that score this time.

Reverser No. 1 is New Yorker Mike Maloy, who is not quite 6' 7" but leaps like 6' 9" and moves like 5' 10". If he does not make some pro team a dandy forward after he graduates, then Lefty Driesell is right-handed. Maloy, who worked in an antipoverty program in Charlotte last summer, plays one of Davidson's twin posts and was the team's high scorer in 12 games last season as a sophomore. It would seem that a taller opponent could stuff the ball back into his big grin, but the other Wildcat center, 6' 6" tough-guy Doug Cook from New Jersey, is al-



ways around to set picks. Cook was hampered by injuries as a sophomore, yet scored only a little less than Maloy. And he normally defends against the other team's best forward.

Driesell might have a slight problem at the important point position at the top of the key. Senior Dave Moser from Fort Wayne, Ind., who drinks three to five orange soda pops after practice each night (thus explaining the orange-red hue of his hair), is a nifty ball handler and defender, but Driesell would like to have an experienced guard or two behind him. The wings are well stocked with 6' 4" junior Jerry Kroll, a Texas sharpshooter; 6' 3" senior Wayne Huckel, a genuine Rhodes Scholarship candidate; and 6' 5" senior Mike O'Neill from Indiana.

It's a scholarly team of would-be doctors, attorneys and architects, and—don't laugh—would-be Eastern champs.

CONTINUED

Notre Dame

In the lobby of Notre Dame's new 11,500-seat indoor arena (named, laboriously, the Athletic and Convocation Center), the display cases hold only two basketball trophies—one for defeating Butler last year, the other for winning a Christmas tournament in 1955. There is also a tactful sampling of football hardware—one Heisman Trophy, one National Championship plaque, one Grantland Rice Award. The contrast has not been lost on Coach Johnny Dee, who has labored mightily the past four years to build a new image for Irish basketball. The 1965-66 team had a 5-21 record; last year it was 21-9. All the regulars from that team are back, but three of them will play only when Dee decides the nation's best collection of sophomores needs a rest. Football, move over.

The two who will not be knocked off the first string are senior Forwards Bob Whitmore and Captain Bob Arzen. Both averaged more than 20 points a game last year, and Arzen was a high scorer in the classroom, too. He may well be left with the Bradleysque choice between the pros and a Rhodes Scholarship. Whitmore, an exceptional rebounder at 6' 7", is one of four products of Dee's very successful recruiting drive in the Washington, D.C. Catholic high schools. The other three are all sophomores, and two will start; one of these, Austin Carr, could well be the star of the team. A 6' 3" guard with the build of a fullback, Carr averaged 34.7 points with the freshmen. He will play in the backcourt while Sid Catlett and Collis Jones fight for the open spot up front. Catlett, at 6' 8" and 220 pounds, has the edge, but he sat out last year getting caught up with his studies while Jones was scoring 23.4 points a game for the freshmen. Jackie Meehan, another sophomore and excellent ball handler, will pair with Carr at guard.

This leaves the Irish with one tremendous bench: Dwight Murphy, Jim Derrig and Mike O'Connell, the three displaced starters, and sophomores John Plack, Tom Sinnott and Jim Hinga, who are considered only a step behind Carr, Catlett and Jones. There is an immediate problem, though, UCLA in the second game. With so many sophomores, Notre Dame cannot possibly win, or can it? Four years ago when Whitmore and Catlett played at Washington's DeMatha High, they handed New York's Power Memorial its only loss. The Power star was Lew Alcindor.



Kansas

About the only blue note in the Kansas outlook, other than the fact that gifted Guard Jo Jo White runs out of eligibility after the first 18 games, is the new road-uniform color—blue instead of the traditional red. Apparently, there was already too much red in the Big Eight with Nebraska and Oklahoma.

The Jayhawks are in a race with Oregon State and Kentucky to be the first team ever to win 1,000 games. Oregon State has 988, Kansas 984 and Kentucky 983. The schedule favors Kansas, and Coach Ted Owens has his heart set on being first to the wire "while Jo Jo is still with us." White is not weary of basketball despite the Olympics. The morning after he returned from Mexico City he was in Owens' office showing off his gold medal, and at 1:30 p.m. he was working out with the freshmen.

White led the scoring last season (15.3 points per game), usually brought the ball up alone (even against pressure defenses), cleverly stole passes and usually guarded the other team's highest-scoring guard or forward. What happens when White departs? By that time, Owens hopes, Tim Natuses, a California junior-college transfer who is "quick, active and a good shooter," will be ready. If he is not, then junior Rich Bradshaw probably will be groomed as the replacement.

With a large supply of tall, strong players, Owens plans to use a double-post offense, probably with 6' 9" sophomore Dave Robisch and 6' 10" sophomore Roger Brown at the interchangeable high-low spots and 6' 10" Dave Nash and 6' 8" Greg Douglas in reserve. Robisch, who is an excellent left-handed putcher, has a soft, almost unblockable jumper from as far as 25 feet and even brought the ball up against a full-court press in one freshman game. However, he is not especially quick and needs to improve his defense.

At the wings, Bradshaw, Bruce Sloan and Phil Harmon are all strong candidates, and White could move in there, too, if Natuses comes along. Sophomore Pierre Russell, Lucius Allen's hotshot successor at Wyandotte High School in Kansas City, Kans., will also play a lot and just might be a third starting rookie.

"We will concentrate on moving the ball and moving the bodies," says Owens. He has the bodies, even though he will lose one of the best.

CONTINUED



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New Mexico

Practices at New Mexico are distinguished by the imposing sight of Ron Sanford, Greg Howard and Willie Long trying their best to tear each other apart. The three are tall, strong, tough, fast, mobile and frankly horrifying when they congregate under the basket in University Arena. Lately, the rabid Albuquerque fans who gather there every day to watch them have been talking about a fourth giant—the one who got away. "He wouldn't even have started for us," is one of the things they say, only half jokingly. Or, "He'd have to be a 6' 9" guard." The "he" is Spencer Haywood, who became a national hero overnight with his performance at the Olympic Games. Haywood was all set to go to New Mexico, then sometime during the summer he changed course in mid-bound and surfaced at Detroit, a circumstance that is regarded with mixed emotions. Coach Bob King has enough of a problem finding room for 6' 8" Sanford and 6' 9" Howard, who together last season averaged 30 points and 19 rebounds, and 6' 7" rookie Long. Long averaged 34 points and 16 rebounds as a freshman and held Haywood to a draw in two games while the Olympian was attending Trinidad State (Colo.) Junior College.

King vows he will not play all three at the same time so Long hangs around the sidelines and glowers a lot until he is sent in to do his stuff. It is interesting, though, that New Mexico's success really lies in the development of a comparative dwarf, 5' 7" Pete Gibson. All flash and fancy is the skinny Gibson's style, and he will run the Lobos' new running game with a pair of the swiftest hands and the most bowed legs the West has ever seen. The freshmen went gun-shy after catching some of Gibson's passes in the teeth, but the varsity should adapt more quickly. The wings are rugged and experienced. Ron Becker, 6' 4", and Steve Shropshire, an inch taller, will start now that veteran Howard Grimes has been red-shirted. Becker, a blond biology major and avid fisherman who hopes for a career in wildlife development, is knowledgeable on the differences between deer and antelope, but his chief game is to shoot from outside against the many zone defenses the Lobos are sure to see.

After winning the conference in February and then losing the final three games in March, New Mexico ended last season on a disappointing note, but a Mexican proverb says that a team with three giants, a bowlegged dwarf and a three-game losing streak always comes back.



Cincinnati

Since Oscar Robertson was a sophomore in 1957-58, every seat in Cincinnati's campus arena has been sold before the season began. In some years the rush to be a part of the scene could be attributed more to loyalty than good sense. Not this season. Cincinnati has the speed, height, muscle and experience to win the Missouri Valley Conference crown. But more important, perhaps, is what rival Louisville does not have: All-America Wesley Unseld, who has finally graduated.

Coch Tay Baker has made two important changes with the 1968-69 Bearcats. Although he prefers a take-your-sweet-time offense, he intends to let his charges run more than usual because a) they like to and b) it is not wise to hobble greyhounds. The other change is a bit of musical chairs with his two big men, 6' 9" senior Rick Roberson and 6' 8" junior Jam Ard. Last year Ard was a forward and Roberson the center; Baker has switched them in the hope that Roberson can make the adjustment to the corner better than Ard did.

Not that Ard was any kind of flop. He was named Cincinnati's best defensive player and the MVC's best sophomore while averaging 13.9 points and nine rebounds a game. He should be much more dangerous in the pivot. Roberson, superb in one game and mediocre in the next, is more than willing to move to the corner because he knows he will probably have to play there in the pros.

The best reason of all for Tay to let the Bearcats run is 6' junior Don Ogletree, who looks like a starving 13-year-old boy. Nobody knows where he gets the energy, but he streaks up and down the floor like a state 440 champ (which he was in high school in Batavia, Ohio) and feeds his teammates so well that any Cincinnati workout seems to be an agitated rondo capped by the refrain, "Nice pass, Tree."

The other guard, 6' 2" defensive ace Gordon Smith, tore an Achilles' tendon last season when the Bearcats were leading the league. They ended up third. This spring he suffered the same injury to the other foot. "But he looks pretty good now," says Baker.

Cincinnati has other good athletes, especially sophomore forwards Don Hess and Steve Wenderlier. All those ticket holders should congratulate themselves on their perseverance and keep in mind a natural boon to loyal Cincinnatians: it is just a short float down the Ohio River to the NCAA tournament in Louisville.

CONTINUED

Houston

"E-E-E-E-E!" The sound began far up in the sky boxes of the Astrodome and thundered across the floor and finally onto the court. When all the Es had run their course, Elvin Hayes had done his thing, UCLA had fallen and Houston was at the top of the polls. The Cougars advanced to numerous postseason laurels—team of the year, Coach of the Year (for Guy V. Lewis) and Player of the



Year (for Hayes)—and wound up in Los Angeles summoned by the NCAA and yet wholly unprepared to be so magnificent all over again. Two months and two days after their ascension, they were down once more, battered and bowed by one of the finest team displays of all time. But it may not be a long way back.

Besides Hayes, Houston will miss Don Chaney, the gifted defensive guard. The team, however, is deeper than ever. For opening taps, the Cougars go from E to O. Ollie Taylor, a 6' 2" transfer from nearby San Jacinto Junior College, will jump center, move to a wing position and play the rest of the game high above the lights somewhere. Taylor was the leading junior-college scorer in the country the past two years, and his average of 18 rebounds a game is ample evidence of his jumping prowess. Houston's ball handling is again the responsibility of George Reynolds, who, along with Taylor, will do more shooting from backcourt while Tom Gribben plays against small, fast teams and aids the press.

Inside is where Houston has always won. Ken Spain, fresh from the Olympic team, and Theotis Lee are two tall men who return somewhat metamorphosed. Spain lost about 20 pounds over the summer and "Slim" Lee gained 20. Off the court, they are both engaging dancers, while on Spain mimes no steps in going to the boards from the low post. Also up front are 6' 10½" redshirt Mars Evans, 6' 9" sophomore Bob Hall, a fine shooter, and the Bell brothers, Carlos, a running back in the fall, and Melvin, the fearsome "Savage" of two years ago who was the surprise of preseason practice. All of this strength will help with a schedule that includes three tournaments before the New Year as well as away games with Southern Cal and UCLA and another dome spectacular, this one against Notre Dame. The E is gone from Houston, but Vs (for victory) are still around.

Santa Clara

The Santa Clara basketball team has a coach with lightning bolts across his chest, a forecourt that surfs a lot, a gym that seats zero people and, faced with the fame of the Santa Clara Swim Club, a second-class standing in its own home town. "We haven't made many waves around here," says Coach Dick Garibaldi, but it is evident he intends to. At practices Garibaldi wears a bright blue sweat



suit with a jagged yellow streak on the front and "Thunder" on the seat of the pants. "I guess I do thunder at them once in a while," he says. "I guess that's the understatement of the year," says Buck Polk, a friend. To his players Garibaldi is Captain Marvel, and last season the Broncos went "Shazam" 23 times in 27 games, the best record in school history. The young team won 15 straight games and humiliated New Mexico in the NCAA regionals before falling to UCLA in a game that found Lew Alcindor at the foul line 16 times.

That statistic indicates how the players go about their work. Overall, they are not tall, but they are strong and will knock you around a bit. Up front are 6' 9", 235-pound Center Dennis Awitrey, a quiet, curly-haired history major who was the only sophomore on last year's NCAA all-academic first team, and the Ogden brothers, Ralph and Bud. It is around this triumvirate that the Santa Clara offense revolves. Except for a tendency to relax on defense, Bud, 6' 5½", is the complete player, muscling underneath, whipping outside for his jumper and passing off with skill. His baby brother, half an inch shorter, is more of a finesse operator, while Awitrey rebounds and blocks out extremely well and has polished his shooting game. The three shot a combined 51½% from the floor last year. The starting guards probably will be 6' Joe Diffley and 6' 1" Terry O'Brien, but Kevin Eagleson, a ball hawk built like a mortar shell, will come off the bench time and again to get the attack moving.

Because the Broncos' success is based on precise execution, the year all Garibaldi's players have had together should make them significantly stronger. The Broncos are not as deep as they were last year and their league (WCCAC) is considered *passé* on the West Coast, but don't go by appearances. Marvel and his thunderbolts still have plenty of "Shazams" up their sweat-sleeves.

Villanova

Villanova's basketball team, the third set of Wildcats in the top 11 (not to mention Bearcats and Cougars), will feature two fine players from Florida. Johnny Jones of Pompano Beach and Howard Porter of Sarasota, and this is an anomaly. Everybody knows Villanova is just a few stops up the Main Line from Philadelphia, one of the richest breeding grounds of basketball talent in the country. Usually, Coach Jack Kraft is more than content to make do with the local product, but he couldn't resist going south a few years ago when he read of Jones's phenomenal scoring feats. He landed Jones and two years later, as a bonus, Porter, who was impressed with Jones's success. The two of them on the varsity this season could lead to great things.

"Whether we're outstanding or not will depend on what we do with Princeton, Boston College and North Carolina in December," says Kraft.

Jones, a 6' 4" senior who used to drive his mother nuts with his succession of pet alligators down home, has led the Wildcats in rebounding two straight seasons despite his underwhelming height. And he uses a weird jump shot (elbow straight out from the body, forearm parallel to the floor) to lead in scoring, too. Porter, a 6' 8" sophomore, averaged 30 points on the freshman team and twice hit more than 50 points in a game.

"He is not going to be taken out unless there is an injury or he gets into foul trouble," said Kraft. "He can leap very, very well, and he is a tremendous shooter from 20 feet on in. He can score."

Porter, in fact, shoots and moves so well that Kraft would like to play him at forward, but this will depend on the preseason performances of three center candidates, 6' 9" Leon Wojnowski, not much of a scorer to date; 6' 5" Sam Sims, an Alabama import, and 6' 7" Jim McIntosh, third-leading rebounder last season.

The Wildcats have good backcourt possibilities with tricky ball handler Frank Gallen, 5' 10" director of offense and defense, Fran O'Manion, a good shooter from the Philadelphia playgrounds, and Bob Melchioni, a star operator in Kraft's frustrating zone defense that makes one wonder whether there isn't a sixth man in there. This will be a typical Florida-Philly team.



New Mexico State

Were it not for something called the Potato Classic in Houlton, Maine, the first basketball tournament of the new season would be in Las Cruces, N. Mex., where "The Amazon Aggies" of New Mexico State dedicate their new Pan American Center on Nov. 30. Just how amazon' the Aggies will be remains to be seen, but the luxurious facility that they will occupy out on the vast reaches of the border wasteland is certainly something special. It cost \$3.5 million, accommodates 13,040 seats and boasts a sound system of 256 speakers. For once Coach Lou Henson's 13 recruits will have something to look at besides a cactus, which no doubt is fine with eight of them who come from decidedly noncactus places like Syracuse and Yonkers, N.Y., Camden, N.J. and Indianola, Miss.

In two seasons and with plenty of drawing corn pone, Henson has elevated State's program to national prominence. His first team was a collection of midgets and no-accounts who won 15 games. Last year the Aggies won 23 and made the West Regional, where they upset hated rival New Mexico for third place after having lost to the sister school twice during the regular season.

Henson speaks softly but carries some big words. "When we're playing well, we can beat anyone in the country," he says. The Aggies are especially proud of Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, 6' 9" Sam Lacey and 6' 2" Jimmy Collins. Slammer Sam, a baby-faced junior who led the team in scoring and rebounding last season, is partial to defense—especially the move where he goes up, slams a shot down a man's throat and then grabs the ball. Nobody gets the ball from Sam after a slam. Collins, who played infrequently as a sophomore until he learned defense, is an exceptional shooter and forms an imaginative and crowd-pleasing backcourt with quick little (5' 8") Charley Criss. Experienced John Burgess is a hustling forward, but most of Lacey's help on the boards will come from 6' 8" sophomore Jeff Smith, who is smooth and very active for his size and who can score from the high post.

Still unrecognized and unwanted by many major teams, the Aggies are faced with another cotton-candy schedule and may be 15-0 through late January. Then—curse!—back-to-back games with New Mexico. By then, not just New Mexico but the whole country may be watching.

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Vanderbilt

There are so many good-looking basketball players on Vanderbilt's campus these days that every time Coach Roy Skinner turns around, the kneecaps of a potential All-America are looking him in the eye. Some were easy to find, like Steve Turner, the 7' 2" freshman from Memphis who will not play until next year. But others were uncovered in the hills of Appalachia, or salvaged after being rejected by less perceptive talent scouts. All are tributes to Skinner's remarkable capacity for recruiting, and together they insure that Vandy will be right up there with the good ones for a long time.

It is a measure of Skinner's success that Vandy's rambling Memorial Gymnasium soon will be enlarged to 15,000 seats, more than twice the capacity when Skinner became head coach nine years ago. His record of 148 wins and 54 losses, including 87 of 96 before the home fans, would call for a lifetime contract at some schools, but Skinner has no contract at all with Vanderbilt. "If something better comes along," he says, "I want to be able to take it without breaking a contract."

This will be a typical Skinner team, which means that it will run, hustle, press and scrap. As team leader Tom Hagan puts it, "We couldn't do without that runnin' and shootin'." Vandy's record could be magnificent or mediocre, depending on how quickly Skinner's nine sophomores grow up. Two of them, 6' 7" Thorpe Weber and 6' Rudy Thacker, will be starters, and a third, 6' 8" Van Oliver, will spell 6' 9" senior Bob Bundy at center. The young men will get their baptism early: North Carolina and Davidson in their second and third games.

Weber is the school's most eagerly awaited prospect since Clyde Lee, and his presence completes a fearsome front line: 6' 5" junior Perry Wallace is the SEC's best jumper, and Bundy made 63% of his shots last season. The player who makes Vandy go, however, is Hagan, a dedicated scrambler who gets by more on nerve than natural ability or his great mop of blond hair. If Vandy doesn't win it all now, there is always the comforting thought of next season and the next and the next. "They're going to have some great tears here," said Hagan, "but, of course, I haven't given up on this year yet."



Western Kentucky

Wherever Coach Johnny Oldham goes in Bowling Green, Ky., there are well-meaning basketball fans—a banker here, a salesman there—waiting to ambush him: Can Western beat UCLA? Win the NCAA? Jump over the moon? "We could have a great team," says Oldham, with a sigh, "but I'm not nearly as optimistic as our fans."

Of course, the Alcindor syndrome would have been inevitable at any school that signed Jim McDaniels, all 7 feet of him, but Western Kentucky followers, used to old Ed Diddle, who waved red towels for decades and ran hundreds of opponents into the Barren River while making basketball a way of life, were particularly susceptible. Nearly 8,000 season tickets were sold before the opener, and every home game in the magnificent E. A. Diddle Arena probably will draw SRO crowds of 12,500.

To suggest that Western could fall flat on its face this season is unpatriotic in Bowling Green, although it is a matter of record that last season's ballyhooed freshman team, led by McDaniels, lost three of its first five games. At least three of those freshmen will start this season, and the schedule waiting for them is as cosmopolitan as it is ambitious: games in Madison Square Garden, Chicago's Stadium, Philadelphia's Palestra and the Sugar Bowl Classic in New Orleans.

So intent are Western fans on immortalizing McDaniels that even the facts are sometimes incidental. "McDaniels is really 6' 11," Oldham explains, "but this 7' thing got started and now we're going along with it." What makes McDaniels remarkable is not his height as much as his quickness and outside shooting ability, which Oldham rates better than Alcindor's. Late McDaniels has taken to wearing glasses. "Man, when I start seeing two guys out there," he says, "I've got to wear something."

Almost equally pleasing to Oldham are the other Western players, who are talented enough to feed McDaniels when he's hot and score themselves when he is cold. Chief feeder is 6' 1" senior Rich Hendrick, who makes up a promising backcourt with rookie Jim Rose. Jerome Perry, 6' 4", and Clarence Glover, 6' 8", are two other sophomores recruited by McDaniels. The tip-off here, though, is Oldham, who says he may retire—after McDaniels graduates.

CONTINUED

Can Head & Shoulders stop dandruff?



Can Johnny Unitas throw the bomb?



Game tied. Last two minutes. Who would you want quarterbacking your team? Pros would say John Unitas. Last year's MVP. Holds lifetime record for yards gained, 33,021; completions, 2,261; TD passes, 252. His record of TD passes in 47 straight games may never be equaled. Nobody can break up a game like Johnny U.

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Dodge



Dodge Sport Pack ... the cars with the Bumblebee stripes

California

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost, for the want of a shoe the horse was lost, and last year at Berkeley for the want of a haircut the kingdom was lost. As quickly as Coach Rene Herrerias could tell Bob Presley to cut his hair and Presley could say no, strained relations between white and black athletes and their coaches were blown out into the open. Now the athletic department has finally stopped shaking, several officials have departed, and new Coach Jim Padgett, who was Herrerias' assistant last year, says, "We've got more important things to worry about than hair. All we're concerned with on this team is unity."

A tough and articulate man who coached at San Jose City College for six seasons before coming to Cal three years ago, Padgett has plenty of material to unify with. Among those returning in a season that should see the Bears climb back to respectability for the first time since 1959 (when they were, ironically, the last all-white team to win the NCAA championship) and 1960 is Presley, the 6' 11" center who, after only three years of organized basketball, is still learning the game. Big Bob has his hair, a new Doberman pinscher puppy who can barely see over his master's ankles and a dangerous hook shot from 10 feet in. Paul Loveday, a 6' 10" transfer from Brigham Young, guards Trent Gaines and Waddell Blackwell and Forwards Tom Henderson and Clarence (Tree) Johnson, the world-class high jumper who once held the NCAA freshman record at 7' 3 3/4", are all experienced, but it is the sophomores who demand attention. Either 6' Charlie Johnson, a spectacular passer, or little (5' 9") Bob White, Cal's best backcourt shooter and defender, will start opposite Gaines. While they and the others like the ball, somebody will have to give it up to 6' 4 1/2" Jackie Ridgle, who is as super a rookie as will be found anywhere. A year after Padgett discovered Ridgle in—hold it—Alzheimer, Ark., Ridgle averaged 30.5 points and 14 rebounds for the freshmen while shooting—hold it again—63% from the floor. "We can't hide in the weeds anymore with this guy," says Padgett. "We're just going to see who can guard him." UCLA, which is in the same conference, probably can, but few other teams are going to beat the Bears.



Marquette

Marquette Coach Al McGuire's office is an old Victorian townhouse on Milwaukee's Wisconsin Avenue, but he is New York City basketball all the way. McGuire learned the game on the playgrounds of Far Rockaway, played it at St. John's and with the Knicks in the old Garden and now looks to New York for his players. Currently, Marquette has five New Yorkers on its roster, and two of them, Captain George Thompson and sophomore Dean Meminger, are the best players in the school's history. "I don't care how big a guy is anymore," says McGuire. "I look to see how quick he is."

Thompson and Meminger are very quick—and by today's standards very small. A chunky, 6' 2" forward whose extraordinarily heavy legs tend to disguise his agility, Thompson was the team's high scorer (22.8 points per game) and top rebounder last year and should break all the school scoring records this season. Meminger, smaller yet at an even 6 feet, averaged 28 points a game as a freshman guard. Both men will have to be superb to compensate for the loss of four 1967-68 starters, including Pat Smith, the first-string center who has been suspended by his coach. Center Joe Thomas and Forward Ron Rahn are expected to play lots, while either junior Jeff Sewell or Gene Broadstead, a transfer from Duke, will take over the vacant backcourt spot. If he adapts to McGuire's style, Ric Cobb, who jumps so well that he is known as the "Elevator Man" back home in Brooklyn, could cause Thomas to shift to the corner. Cobb averaged 25 points a game in junior college a year ago.

Marquette's lack of height hardly worries McGuire, who has had a 44-15 record over the past two seasons without a starter over 6' 6". His key to winning has been a complex, shifting defense stressing the sandlot ingredient of heavy contact. "I don't believe you can play defense well without contact. That's what we work on the most, teaching the kids aggressiveness," says McGuire, who also uses as many as five different defensive setups during a game. In contrast, the Marquette offense is simple. "We just have a couple of patterns that take about seven seconds to go through," says the coach. "If we can't get anything off them, then I tell my kids to play playground." In Milwaukee these days that comes naturally.

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Princeton

In October, Pete Carril, the stocky, cigar-smoking Princeton coach, stood in the Tigers' huge double-domed athletic complex where his team was supposed to open its home season against Duke this week and saw something that more resembled a deserted hangar in Newfoundland than a 7,500-seat cage (Ivy talk for field house). Completion is now 1½ years behind schedule, which is sad, because when the Tigers finally do get in their cage it could still be deserted. This Princeton team may be the last in a line of good ones dating back to the Bradley era—1962-65.

Carril's underclassmen are not exceptional, but his juniors and seniors certainly are. Captain Chris Thomforde, the blond, 6' 9" center who looks all pink and freshly scrubbed as an aspiring Lutheran minister should, is back for his final turn. As a sophomore Thomforde was a star. But last season, with his mind wrapped up in campus politics and one heel wrapped in a bandage, he was off. The foot is better now, the politics have run their course and, most important, defending Ivy champion Columbia has been significantly weakened by the loss of its 7' center, Dave Newmark. Juniors 6' 7" John Hummer, a strong rebounder and inside shooter, and 6' 3" Jeff Petrie, who shifts back to his natural position at forward, combine with Thomforde to give the Tigers one of the strongest frontcourts anywhere. All three averaged in double figures last season and Petrie, who will be getting his startlingly accurate jump shots off from the corner, threatens to become a 20-point-a-game man.

The backcourt is the problem. Junior John Arbogast, who will start regularly for the first time, probably will not score much, although he should help with his ball handling and defense. The other backcourt job will go to one of two sophomores, Eric Neumann or Bill Sickler. Tom Chestnut is the bench man at forward since Princeton's strongest reserve, 6' 8" Mike Mardy, has decided to drop basketball.

Princeton's schedule, with games against Villanova and Duke to open the year and Davidson and Columbia stacked around New York's Holiday Festival, is tough. Carril may be pleased after all to be playing in cozy, 2,600-seat Dillon Gym, which has terrorized opponents and helped Princeton win championships for years.



Purdue

In a narrow little room adjacent to his office in Purdue's new basketball arena, Coach George King watches movies of his team's games last season. His projector is equipped with all the latest gadgets—self-loader, fast reverse, slow motion and stop action—and when King punches the button to rewind a segment of the film and then runs it ahead at half speed, it is usually to dwell on something he considers beautiful. Most times the beauty is provided by tough, 6' 3" Forward Herm Gilliam, coming off with the defensive rebound, controlling the fast break up the floor and then hitting Rick Mount, the blond, supershooter guard, with a perfect pass. Mount, whose extraordinary range and quick release have earned him the nickname, *The Rocket*, scores on his play with startling frequency.

The Boilermakers made 65% of their points on the run last year, and the unselfish Gilliam fed Mount on 75% of his successes on those plays. But in looking at the rest of his team's performance, there must be times when King wishes his projector had a fast-forward speed.

If it did, he could more easily shut his eyes to the many times the Boilermakers failed to grab the rebound, or to those occasions when Mount, who set a Big Ten scoring record for sophomores with 29.7 points a game, was being embarrassed on defense, or when his two big men, juniors Chuck Bavis (7') and Jerry Johnson (6' 10"), were being sadly punished by the opponent's center. A team with skillful defenders like Gilliam, 6' 5" Tyrone Bedford and senior Guard Bill Keller, who tied Gilliam in the voting for Purdue's most valuable player and will serve with him as co-captain, should not have been easily scored on. But Mount spent one-third of the season playing with a steel plate in one sneaker and was never able to regain lateral or backward agility, which are important on defense.

With his foot healed and the knowledge that both King and the pros will be looking carefully at his defensive play, Mount should improve. That and the addition of Larry Weatherford, a 6' 2½" swingman who averaged 26.8 for the freshmen, ought to be enough to guarantee Purdue the Big Ten title. And if either of the big men, particularly Bavis, who showed exceptional potential in high school, develops quickly, King might start watching everything in slow motion.

La Salle

The La Salle College basketball program was coming apart at the seams, so out went an S O S to the Pennsylvania State Legislature, where Tom Gola was learning to be a politician. Yes, said Gola, after getting clearance from the state Republican Party, he would become the Explorers' coach, which caused one long-suffering fan to splutter: "Thank Gola, we've got God."

This is the same Tom Gola who was responsible almost alone for what the Explorers accomplished during his All-America playing career: victory 102 times in 121 games, an NIT title (1952), an NCAA championship (1954) and a runner-up (1955). Basketball history at La Salle is dated either B.G. or A.G., and the After Gola story hasn't been happy. "Everything went downhill," Gola said. "I want to bring La Salle back up to where it belongs."

Unfortunately, the second coming of Gola did not occur soon enough to save La Salle from a two-year NCAA probation for rules infractions, making the team ineligible for postseason tournaments. This was a blow to a team thinking championship, but the magic presence of Gola has eased the pain. "You try harder," says senior Stan Wlodarczyk, "knowing he is there watching you."

All last season's starters are back, which presents this intriguing question: If La Salle could have a 20-8 record for an unpopular coach, Jim Harding, what will the Explorers do for Gola? Better, says senior Guard Bernie Williams. "Everybody's so ready that we run to practice." And the runners will be stronger. One of last year's starters almost surely will be no higher than No. 6 this season, making room for 6' 7" sophomore Ken Durrett. The La Salle look will be familiar: a weaving, five-man offense—like the one taught by Ken Loeffler in Gola's playing days—revolving around the multitalents of 6' 5" All-America candidate Larry Cannon.

Even more exciting than La Salle's games may be watching Gola handle the demands on his time. Re-elected to the State Legislature last month over a Democrat whose campaign propaganda included basketball-shaped leaflets that read "Don't dribble away your vote," Gola will be commuting between the state capital at Harrisburg and La Salle's home base in Philadelphia. Of course, if La Salle wins them all, Gola may forget Harrisburg.



Duke

Returning from the shadows, hopefully with the same national success enjoyed by a graduate of its law school—he became President-elect—Duke seems capable of reclaiming the Atlantic Coast Conference prestige lost over the past two seasons to North Carolina. Coach Vic Bubas, as a matter of fact, considers his campaign to have every bit as much appeal. He has youth, a platform partly constructed with two outstanding sophomores and a burning desire to be The One.

Because of 6' 10" Randy Demon, who succeeds graduated Mike Lewis at center, and 5' 10" Dick DeVenizio, the Pennsylvania high school star who chose Duke over Princeton and North Carolina, the Blue Devils will again be strong underneath and quick outside. Denton is agile for his size and has good hook and jump shots, but he is not about to replace Lewis as a rebounder. The whispering among basketball coaches is all about little DeVenizio.

"He's potentially the best backcourt leader I've had," said Bubas. "He's quick and has tremendous court awareness. If you're open, he'll get you the ball." He has a good medium jump shot, is a terrific driver and is not bad on defense either, although he might get caught inside sometimes against a taller guard. With his playmaking, 6' senior Guard Dave (Slink) Golden should be extra dangerous from long range. He averaged 13.1 points a game last season, second to Lewis.

There is one other regular left from the 22-6 Duke team of 1967-68, Forward Steve Vandenberg, 6' 7", who scores fairly well but must increase his appetite for rebounds. The fifth starting spot awaits 6' 8" Warren Chapman, who sat out the last campaign with an injured knee and, after two operations, still is not in his best form. His place might be taken by 6' 7" Fred Lind, 6' 7" Tim Teer or another sophomore, 6' 7" Rick Katherman. Of Chapman, Bubas has said, "I have my doubts."

Last season's team was Bubas' slowest in nine years at Duke. DeVenizio's presence changes that completely around. The Blue Devils have been in the top 10 in seven of the last eight years and could be there again after Inauguration Day, when their sophomores have matured and it is time again for that murderous ACC tournament.

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The Best of the Rest

The West

On the Pacific Coast, where seven of the last 14 NCAA champions have been produced, a number of schools are gearing up for the joyous day next June when Lew Alcindor finally leaves UCLA. Their good sophomores and juniors are poised to strike in 1969-70, but their impact will be felt this season, too. Cal and Santa Clara are already good enough for the top 20—and University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif., is not far behind.

Pacific is nearly two-deep at every position and could upset Santa Clara for the West Coast Athletic Conference title. Tom Jones, a 6' 9" junior center, was team MVP as a sophomore, and he is smarter and less spindly now. He hooks well with either hand. Coach Dick Edwards also has the nation's third-best free thrower, Guard Fred Carpenter, just a junior: 6' 5½" Forward Pat Foley, a rugged defender and rebounder; and lots more. Edwards is greedy though. He wishes he could use his Stockton-bred freshman, 6' 9½" John Giannelli, on the varsity. Another possible upsetter in the WCAC is San Jose State, led by 6' 10" Coby Dietrick.

In the Pacific-8, Coach Bob Boyd is building a solid program at USC, a constant winner in practically every other sport but for years second fiddle to crosstown-rival UCLA in basketball. The Trojans have a very strong freshman team, loaded with high school players-of-the-year, and the varsity is not bad, either. Boyd has no one to replace Forward Bill Hewitt, drafted first by the L.A. Lakers, but he does have an improved, Alcindor-sized center in Ron Taylor, 7' 1", and a 6' 9" sub, Ivan Browning, plus four good guards, led by Steve Jennings and Mack Calvin.

Hopes at Oregon State were punctured when hot-shooting Guard Vince Fritz hurt his back while working out last summer. Doctors have prescribed complete rest, which means he very likely will sit out all of this season and return post-Alcindor, when 7' Vic Bartolomeo and 6' 9" Gary Freeman also will be seniors.

A few years ago nobody considered Texas at El Paso for the preseason top 20, and the Miners proceeded to sweep out of the desert like the Mohammedan hordes and win the NCAA title. They will be tough this time out, too, but not of championship caliber—mainly because of lack of height. Coach Don Haskins' best player is 6' Guard Nate Archibald, another in a long line of UTEP imports from New York City, who led the team in scoring last season as a sophomore (15.8 points per game). Where are the David Lattins and Bud News Barneses to sweep the boards? Unfortunately, not in El Paso for UTEP's first season as a full-fledged Western Athletic Conference club. "I can't really fault this bunch," says Haskins, one of the best defensive coaches in the country (he learned his basketball under Hank Iba at Oklahoma State). "They try hard. They want to have a good team. However, we are so small that we'll have to have 6' 4" and 6' 5" guys covering some who will be 6' 8", 6' 9" or, in many cases, 6' 10". UTEP's best newcomer is Ples Vann, a 6' 4" Tulsa product

who went to junior college in Idaho. He is a solid defensive player and fairly good scorer. There are three good red-shirts, too, but not one of them is over 6' 5".

Wyoming has the same problem, plenty of good players but all of them built too close to the court. Still, the WAC coaches, after jinxing New Mexico with the favorite's role, picked the Cowboys to finish second. The best reason is 6' 2" Guard Harry Hall, who comes from a little town in Illinois not too far from the home town of ex-Wyoming star Flynn Robinson. Hall averaged 20.4 points last season in Coach Bill Stratman's shuffle offense.

Also returning is 6' 7" Center Carl Ashley, who was first-team All-WAC with Hall and just behind him in scoring, and 6' 6" junior Forward Steve Popovich, who has gained 20 badly needed pounds with a weight-lifting program. Stratman thinks his other cornerman, 6' 5" junior Stan



Dodds, is the best prospect to come out of Wyoming since Kenny Sailors in the '40s. Dodds missed playing in the NIT last season because of a broken ankle. He is from Green River, Wyo., which is not far from Mountain View and Rock Springs but is a long way from anyplace else, including Louisville and New York, this year's tournament sites.

Arizona State has lots of experience and the excellent guard, Seabern Hill, and Brigham Young has a much-sought-after big man, Paul Ruffner from Cerritos JC in California, but the Western school with the really big names is Weber State in Ogden, Utah, the defending champion of the Big Sky Conference. The Wildcats have Justus Thigpen, Willard Sojourner and Sessom Harlan.

Thigpen was a substitute early last season and came off the bench to win the MVP trophy in the Golden Spike Tournament. He finally won a starting job and averaged 16.4 points. Sojourner, a 6' 8" center who somehow sojourned his way to Utah from Philadelphia, has only been playing the game for 2½ years; before that his sport was swimming. Harlan is a quick guard from Detroit. Coach Dick Motta left to work for the Chicago Bulls and turned over the reins and the wild names to his assistant, Phil Johnson. Phil Johnson is a name?

CONTINUED



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corn warming the cool evening...California...
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The South

Not since *Gone With the Wind* has a show captivated the South the way Pete Maravich did last season. But now a new act—and some sweet compassion—has been introduced into the life of Louisiana State's mop-headed, bug-eyed, spindly-legged wonder. "We're older and smarter," says Pete's father-coach, Press, "and we're hoping to let somebody else worry about the scoring and let Pete develop his other talents." This does not mean that Pistol Pete will stop pulling the trigger. Shooting is a relative thing, and when Pete cuts down, it will be to something merely mortal, like maybe 30 points a game or so. "He doesn't even have to average that many," says his dad. "If we can win and Pete can increase his assists, I'll be happy."

Happiest of all should be Pete himself, who nearly found his record-smashing 43.8 sophomore scoring average too much to carry. By the season's end he looked like a man with a double Excedrin headache. He was exhausted mentally from the mobs of newsmen trying to look inside his head, and beaten physically by the best selection of elbows and hips and trick defenses this side of a fraternity hazing. "If he's not the nation's highest scorer," reasons Press, "maybe they won't be after him as much."

What makes Maravich's plan meaningful is that it signals that LSU finally has come up with some other players who can score and maybe even play with Maravich without danger of being smacked broadside by his brilliant passes. Back from last season's team, which won 14 of 26 games for LSU's first winning record in six years, are three starters besides Maravich: 6' Jeff Tribbett, 6' Rich Hickman and 6' 3" Ralph Jukkola. Height will be added at center by either 6' 8" Chuck Legler, 6' 8" Dan Hester or 6' 7" Dave Ramsden. "We have good potential," says Press Maravich, "but you never know until they hit the big leagues." If balance does not do the trick this season, Pete is keeping his shooting eye sharp, just in case. He scored 55 points—making 24 of 40 shots from the field—in a preseason squad game.

While the eyes of Dixie are on Maravich, the eyes of the pro scouts will be watching Florida's 6' 11" Neal Walk, who may go second to Lew Alcindor in the draft. The Miami franchise in the ABA would love to bring Walk back home—he's from Miami Beach—but what pro team could not use a man of Walk's size, agility and shooting touch, inside and out? As a junior Walk averaged 26.5 points and 19.8 rebounds, and his presence alone will make the Gators a threat to Kentucky and Vanderbilt in the SEC. Forward Andy Owens, 6' 5", will take some of the defensive pressure off Walk, while Mike Leatherwood, 5' 11", is back to run Coach Tommy Bartlett's disciplined 1-3-1 offense. "We're looking for a good year," says Bartlett. "How good depends on the play of our newcomers and our shooting consistency."

Georgia, once the original Weak Sister U., has a big boy, too, in 6' 11" junior Bob Lenhard, who led the Bulldogs out of obscurity last season to a 17-8 record and a tie for fourth in the SEC, their loftiest perch in years. Tennessee has back clever Guards Bill Hann and Billy Justus, but will have trouble replacing 7' Tom Boerwinkle, now



with the Chicago Bulls, and Tom Hendrix, who made Coach Ray Meyer's 1-3-1 trap defense work. Auburn returns four starters, plus one of the league's best sophomores in John Mengelt, a 6' 2" guard who averaged 27.4 as a freshman Alabama, with a new coach, C. M. Newton, and its new 15,000-seat gym, is beginning the long climb up.

In the Atlantic Coast Conference, persuasive Frank McGuire has been working out of a trailer while South Carolina's new 12,000-seat gym is being finished, but this is only a temporary hang-up in his madcap campaign to break up the championship volleyball between Duke and North Carolina. McGuire served warning last season, beating Duke once and North Carolina once, but lost his stars, Gary Gregor and Skip Harlicka, to the pros. This may be a throwaway season for the Gamecocks, but McGuire has a 6' 10" freshman named Tom Riker, called by one Southeastern Conference coach "the best prospect in the country." With his new gym fortifying his already ample selling powers, McGuire may have the Gamecocks up there quicker than you can say "Vic Bubba."

An ACC alumnus, former Duke Assistant Bucky Waters, has his best freshman team in three years at West Virginia, but little more on the varsity than leaping Carey Bailey. Most dramatic improvement in the Southern Conference should come at George Washington, which could well vacate the cellar behind the talented Tallent brothers, Mike and Bob. Mike averaged 29.7 for the freshmen, a school record; Bob started at Kentucky as a junior two years ago but was dismissed after a run-in with an assistant coach.

If Western Kentucky's sophomores falter in their bid to win the Ohio Valley Conference, Eastern Kentucky and Morehead are waiting like vultures. Eastern, coached by volatile Guy Strong, has back multitalented Bobby Washington, plus Carl Greenfield, a husky 6' 7" transfer from South Carolina State. Morehead again will depend on Guard Jerry Conley, 6' 7" Hobo Jackson and 6' 6" Lamar Green.

Best of the independents may be Florida State, with 6' 9" Dave Cowens, but, no matter how well Cowens plays, Coach Hugh Durham's Seminoles will not win a second straight at-large berth in the NCAA tournament. The NCAA itself took care of that by putting Florida State on probation for alleged recruiting violations. Miami's Hurricanes have three starters back from last season's 17-11 outfit, but do not seem ready to improve on that record.

CONTINUED

The Midwest

Three Ohio teams, Dayton, Toledo and Ohio State, could conceivably join or replace Cincinnati in the top-20 listings four months from now. Dayton, a year away from opening a handsome 13,500-seat arena, has lost the two finest players from its 1967-68 NIT championship unit, Forward Donnie May and Guard Bobby Hooper. That is probably too much talent to replace immediately, but Coach Don (Mickey) Donohoe hates to sit home when those big March tournaments are going on, and chances are the Flyers will sneak into one.

Actually, there is a May around. This one is younger brother Ken, a 6' 5" forward who averaged 22 points for the freshmen and can dribble and drive better than Don, although he is not yet in the same class as a shooter or rebounder. Good as his credentials and bloodline are, May might not start. Donohoe also has 6' 8" George Janiky, a Chicago product who studied up on calories between seasons and lost 25 pounds of lard, and 6' 6" senior defensive ace Dan Sadlier for the forwards, and 6' 10" Dan Obrovac in the pivot. Obrovac is stronger defensively than offensively, but he scored 30 points in one NIT game and made 20 of 22 free throws in the tourney. The Dayton backcourt is not spectacular. Donohoe probably will start the homebred Gottschall twins, Jim and Jerry, neither of whom is a Hooper.

Toledo was a disappointing third in the Mid-American Conference, but the Rockets have their best men back and defending champion Bowling Green lost everybody, including Coach Bill Fitch to Minnesota. Toledo's top scorer has been 6' 6" home-town bruiser Steve Mix, 21.8 points as a junior, 23 as a sophomore, who might be moved from center to forward this season to make room for 7' Doug Hess, an awkward junior from East Detroit. The trouble is that Mix likes to mix it under the hoop and makes most of his points there.

The frontcourt would be strengthened if 6' 4" John Brunker would give up catching passes for the football team and get out to basketball practice. Coach Bobby Nichols is not counting on him. Quick Guard John Rudley, an honored first lieutenant in the ROTC, was the team's MVP last season over Mix.

Ohio State surprised people and won the Big Ten title

last season and then *shocked* people by beating Kentucky at Lexington and getting into the NCAA tournament finals. The Buckeyes have graduated leading scorer-rebounder Bill Hosket, yet it is difficult to count out a team coached by Fred Taylor and a school with all the basketball tradition of Ohio State. There are other impressive assets. Center Dave Sorenson, only 6' 7", is a fine shooter and smooth maneuverer, and 6' 5" Forward Steve Howell averaged 17.5 points a game behind Hosket. Howell is fairly quick and agile despite looking like one of the Buckeyes' defensive tackles.

There is every indication that the Big Ten will be just as messed up as last time, when Iowa was nipped at the wire and three or four other schools were in the running until practically the last buzzer. Iowa lost Sam Williams but has 6' 7" JC transfer John Johnson (eased away from Utah State recruiters) and 6' 7" service returnee Ben McGilmer, plus all four men who started with Williams. Michigan won its last four league games and returns 6' 7" Rudy Tomjanovich, who scored 19.5 points a game and had the second-best rebounding average in the Big Ten. His trouble is fouling too much when guarding a good big man. The Wolverines have a new coach this year, Johnny Orr, and a new assistant, Fred Snowden, a Negro from Detroit whose job it will be to mine all that raw talent in the Motor City and keep Michigan State away from it. Snowden's coaching record at Northeastern High was an arresting 162-7.

A fine defensive player and a fine scorer, both from Indiana, make Drake the best bet to challenge Cincinnati in the Missouri Valley. Guard Willie McCarter is the scorer and, according to Coach Maurice John, "the best guard in the country." He averaged 23.2 points last season. The defender is 6' 5" Forward Dolph Piliavin.

"He's usually assigned to the other team's top scorer," said John. "He will cut the effectiveness of a good forward or guard in half, he's that quick and strong."

Plenty of other teams in the Midwest have outstanding individuals. Two top players who left Illinois after the athletic-fund scandal will improve their new teams. Bradley got 6' 8" Steve Kuberski, who should at least partly make up for the loss of high-scoring Center Joe Allen. Coach Moe Iba at Memphis State got Illinois' 6' 7" Rich Jones, and he was considered better than Piliavin.

Louisville, which averaged crowds of 12,842 at home last season with All-America Center Westley Unseld as the big attraction, has lost both Unseld and Guard Fred Holden. Coach John Dromo, in his second season as head man after succeeding his longtime boss, Peck Hickman, must rebuild around speedy Butch Benrd. He also has 6' 9" Center Mike Grosso, but the highly touted New Jersey giant underwent a second knee operation recently (he had his first while attending South Carolina) and he probably will never live up to his promise. This is his last season of eligibility and he has hardly played any varsity ball.

Behind Kansas in the Big Eight, Kansas State, Colorado, Nebraska and Oklahoma State all have outside chances. Best sophomore in the league might be O State's 6' 7" Ames Thomas, who averaged 30.9 points and 12.5 rebounds as a freshman. His duels with Robisch of Kansas the next three years should be something to see.



The East

Since ripping through its 22-game regular-season schedule last year without a loss, some awful things have happened to St. Bonaventure. The Bonnies were badly beaten in their two games at the NCAA Eastern Regionals, their three best cornermen were lost through graduation or serious injury and, in October, when Coach Larry Weise began trying to piece together what was left, the NCAA slapped Bonaventure with a year's probation. Still, the Bonnies should be anything but bad, mostly because of the return of Bob Lanier, the 6' 11", 265-pound center who wears size-19 sneakers. Last year Lanier scored 26.2 points a game, shot 58% from the floor and grabbed 390 rebounds. Returning backcourt starters Jim Satalin and Bill Kalbaugh must score more to balance the loss of For-



wards Bill Butler and John Hayes, who combined for 36 points a game, but a repeat of their strong defense and ball handling of last season will give the Bonnies a solid pair of guards.

Columbia, which throttled Bonaventure by 20 points in the regionals and finished as both the Ivy champs and the best team in the East, probably cannot successfully defend its league title against Princeton now that 7' Center Dave Newmark has moved up to the pros. Newmark's absence will hurt the Lions most on defense. To fill the void, Coach Jack Rohan plans to use full-court pressure. Extra-quick junior Guard Heyward Dotson will key the defense and help Forwards Roger Walaszek and All-America Jim McMillan in an offense that should be a step faster without Newmark. McMillan, easily the best and most exciting Ivy player since Bill Bradley, is a bullish, 6' 5", 235-pounder who can score with long jumpers and also use his strength to drive underneath. He topped the Lions in both points (22.3 per game) and rebounding last year. While Princeton and Columbia are battling each other, Cornell could sneak around the back door and take the Ivy title. Whether it does depends on how well new Coach Jerry Lane is able to mold a team out of a talented group of experienced individualists led by Hank South and Walt Esdaile.

In New England all three top teams will come from Massachusetts. The best should be Holy Cross, where Coach

Jack Donahue has his tallest club ever. Senior Ed Sindut, who has scored 1,045 points in two seasons, heads a forecourt roster that lists five players at 6' 7" or taller. The other four big men are all sophomores, and two of them may start even though Gerry Foley, a regular forward last season, is still available. The best big newcomer is Bob Kassane, who averaged 10.4 points for the freshmen and blocked six shots a game. Another sophomore, Jack Admas—a slick ball handler and a 22.3 scorer as a freshman—will open in the backcourt.

"This will be the first time since I've been coaching that we'll face Holy Cross as the underdog," says Boston College Coach (and Holy Cross alumnus) Bob Cousy. True, Cousy must do some building after losing seven seniors, but he has a solid foundation in 6' 7" Center Terry Driscoll, ball-handling Guard Billy Evans and junior Forward Bob Dukiet. Five sophomores will try for the other starting spots, with Frank Fitzgerald, a cornerman who averaged 20.2 for the freshmen, and swift ball handler Jim O'Brien the best of the bunch.

Massachusetts has the edge on Rhode Island in the Yankee Conference, but the Rams should be more intriguing to watch when 5' 5" sophomore Ed (The Flea) Molloy gets into the lineup. There is no chance that Molloy will be the East's biggest, or even most exciting, little man because Calvin Murphy is still at Niagara. While everything collapsed around him last year—defenses, team morale, the school administration and his very mediocre teammates—5' 10" Murphy pumped in 38.2 points a game, handled the ball a good part of the time, made an occasional steal on defense and even twirled the baton at football games. This year he will be even busier. The Purple Eagles will be weaker overall and Murphy will have to outdo his performance of 1967-68 in everything but twirling if Niagara is to match last year's .500 record.

A .500 record is something that Coach Lou Carnesecca of St. John's has never had. Since taking over the Redmen from Joe Lapchick three years ago, he has always done better. His disciplined teams have appeared in three postseason tournaments—once in the NIT and twice as at-large representatives in the NCAA Eastern Regionals. With only one starter missing from last year's 19-8 team, Carnesecca has a strong chance of making it four for four. St. John's will have the same problems it had a year ago, getting a good game out of a big man. Starting Center Dan Cornelius (6' 9") scored just 6.7 points and averaged only 5.2 rebounds a game. If he fails to improve this season he may lose his spot to 6' 10" junior college transfer Bill Paulitz. Otherwise, the Redmen are set with returning starters Joe DePre and Carmine Calzonetti at guard and the leading scorer (15.7 points a game), senior John Warren, at forward.

Columbia and St. John's will not go it alone in the battle to decide which is New York City's best because Brooklyn-based Long Island University has returned to major-college status for the first time since the basketball scandals of the early '50s. Little All-America Guard Larry Newbold, who led the Blackbirds to a 22-2 record and a No. 1 small-college ranking last season, is gone, but 6' 7" Center Luther Green, an outstanding rebounder and a 17.1 scorer, is back.

CONTINUED

Small-college basketball is an often-neglected, much-maligned activity that is as scattered in location as it is varied in purpose. There are factories and academies, big schools and small, outlaws and angels. There are more small colleges, in fact, than anyone dares to count.

The quality of the game played by these myriad institutions has been held in little esteem outside of their home provinces until recently, when the ros-

Tarkinson, formerly of the junior-college ranks. Three JC stars, including the legendary Sam Robinson, came along with the coach, and their talents foretold an awesome future.

While many of these and other colleges have neither the look nor the design of a minor basketball program (Long Beach State has 22,000 students), it is still true that most of the College Division schools cherish their position and desire no other. Such a school is Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio.

Over the river and through the woods and past grandmother's house, young men come to Gambier, Ohio. They come with lofty classroom grades, all the proper extracurriculars, their hair combed and their stately college-board scores held as escutcheons. Founded in 1824 by Episcopal Bishop Philander Chase, Kenyon sits on a hilltop on the western rim of the Allegheny foothills where the school is, today, 809 students strong and the hotbed of *Araucarie* in the Midwest. Of glowing distinction in and outside of the halls of education is the *Kenyon Review*, one of the finest of the literary quarterlies, and the Kenyon Plan, an advanced-placement program for talented freshmen.

Because old Bishop Chase built the school to isolate his men from the evils of society, a second hill, west of Gambier, separates the campus from the nearest town of Mount Vernon and is called "The Bishop's Backbone." If any of Bishop Chase's men went into town, it would be over the hill and, of course, over the Bishop's dead body.

Until a few years ago, Kenyon would only have had a winning basketball team

continued

SMALL IS A WAY OF LIFE

ters of professional teams began filling up with names from the hinterlands, names like: Earl Monroe (Baltimore) of Winston-Salem, Jerry Sloan (Chicago) of Evansville, Zelmo Beaty (Atlanta) of Prairie View and Phil Jackson (New York) of North Dakota.

There are, as the song says, many more where these came from, and the evidence suggests that this is the season small-college basketball may finally receive the recognition it deserves. The following are just a few of the schools to watch this winter:

Kentucky Wesleyan (Owensboro, Ky.), which has won the NCAA College Division title two of the last three years and has four starters returning this season.

Cheyney State (Cheyney, Pa.), where Coach Hal Blitman's teams have won 100 games over the past four years and the Eastern Regionals of the NCAA College Division the past two. Hal Booker, 6' 11", is a pro prospect.

Trinity (San Antonio), whose Larry Jeffries averaged 29.6 points last year as the Tigers finished third in the land. He and nine other lettermen are back.

Central State (Wilberforce, Ohio), where Coach Bill Lucas is so deep in good rookies that he could win again with the players who took last year's NAIA championship sitting on the bench.

Ashland (Ashland, Ohio), which walks to victory while others run. The Eagles, who consistently lead the country in defense, gave up only 38.8 points a game last season.

And Long Beach State (Long Beach, Calif.), which is the new home of Jerry

Big view of the small scene takes in John Rinka (24), who is only 5' 9" but one of the best all-round players in the nation, his Kenyon teammate John Dunlop, another who can play major-college ball, being clapped into a game by spectacled 7' Larry Finstrom, and campus walkers from Rinka's dorm.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE





over anybody's dead body. The Lords once lost 36 games in a row and were beaten by a staggering 87 points. While this was happening there was some question as to how hard Kenyon or anyone else in the 14-school Ohio Athletic Conference could work to win games anyway. The league is one of the few remaining catatonic of honest amateurism.

Recruiting controls are stringent. There are no athletic scholarships in the league, grants-in-aid are issued solely on need. Further, no personal contact with high school students is allowed a coach until the student has made a visit to the campus. After the one visit (paid for by the student) a coach may not visit a boy's home until he has enrolled in school and spent a day in classes. It was only in the past two years that OAC coaches could even write or telephone prospects to invite them to the campus. Even now, much of the recruiting contacts are done by alumni, of a hose number at Kenyon the most celebrated, Actor Paul Newman and Poet Robert Lowell, have yet to be involved.

Ten years ago Kenyon hired Boh Harrison, a former NBA guard, to coach the basketball team. Its fortunes brightened, but it was not until 1965 and 1966 — when first 6-footer John Dunlop from nearby Coshocton, Ohio, and then 5' 9" John Rinka from Milwaukee arrived — that things began to turn about. In Dunlop's first year (freshmen are eligible in the College Division), Kenyon won 10 games, and the following season, with both Little Johns in the backcourt, the Lords were 18-6. Last winter Kenyon made like UCLA. Rinka averaged 31.8 points and Dunlop 24.4 while the Lords set eight conference records, scored at a 98.6 point clip, led the country in free-throw percentage with 79.7 and finished with a record of 23 and 5.

They were denied a share of the con-

ference championship when another school refused to reschedule a game that had been postponed, and they lost a berth in the national playoffs when they were knocked out of their own OAC tournament. Kenyon's scoring and free-throw averages still were higher than those of any major college, and Rinka, who takes the majority of his shots from 17 feet out, had a better shooting percentage (.485%) than any of last year's three major-college sophomore scoring machines, Calvin Murphy, Rick Mount or Pete Maravich.

Kenyon's success has severely taxed the durability of Wertheimer Fieldhouse, a converted Navy drill hall whose transport from the Norfolk Naval Air Station in 1942 cost more than its purchase. Last December one section of the stands made a gentle buck and sway before completely collapsing forward onto the court, injuring one person, terrifying many and canceling the night's contest. "I used to go down there and count 50 people watching our games," says Thomas Edwards, the dean of students. "Now people stand in line. Some nights we have 2,500, standing room only."

Both Rinka, an excitingly bold and boisterous player whose dedication drives him to practice shooting alone for more than two hours every day, and Dunlop truly could play anywhere in America. Most teams would also be happy to see Marty Hunt, a 6'3" freshman forward with excellent potential, and Kap Marty, a skinny cornerman who can jump. But the other Lords are young and so limited that OAC observers doubt the team can match last year's record or wrest the title from the deep teams at Wittenberg and Baldwin-Wallace.

One intangible to be considered is Kenyon's adjustment to a new coach. After Harrison resigned last year to go to Harvard, Boh Brannum, the husky forward who used to police the grounds for the Boston Celtics, was brought in. Brannum, after six years at Norwich University in Vermont, is at home in a small-college atmosphere. The other day he sat by the fire in the living room of his farmhouse and talked about it.

"The Kenyon program is what college is all about," Brannum said. "The administration keeps athletics in perspective, and I like that. If Kenyon could continue to win with the type of boys we get, it would be the greatest thing in the world. I don't really think that's pos-

sible. When I came here I knew that Kenyon was what I wanted. I don't need the big-time atmosphere and pressure. None of our kids do. This is one great time, and we're just having fun."

Small-college life at Kenyon is many things for Brannum. It is coaching soccer and golf in addition to basketball. It is having an ex-Notre Dame fullback and an Air Force ROTC sergeant for assistants. It is hearing about the Belas, who dress up like loons for their cheating assignments and whose outbursts once became raw enough to cause old rival Denison to withdraw from the Kenyon schedule. And it is watching the "J-Twins," the little chipmunks Rinka and Dunlop, throw in baskets from all over the court.

Rinka is a big enough treat in himself. A history major who can sit down at any given lunch hour and discourse on Camus' existentialism in *The Stranger* or on Yeats' *The Gires*, Rinka came to Kenyon, contrary to the prevailing opinion, because nobody else wanted him. He would like to have played for his hometown Marquette, or Northwestern, but he received no offers because of his size and he ended up on a grant-in-aid at Kenyon. The son of a Polish schoolteacher and coach, he grew up in a tough neighborhood and learned basketball on the playgrounds.

"There are two different worlds for me," he says. "I play every day in the summer. 'Tophouse,' 'Chicago Hustle,' 'Around the World,' you name it. I play with guys whose life is basketball. My God, some of these kids have to worry about where they're going to eat the next day. Then I come here and play with kids who are financially steady and stable. It's unbelievable, the difference."

"Basketball's my bag, but since coming here I've really cultivated an appreciation of education and of myself," Rinka says. "Driving for recognition and All-America and all that is over with. Now it's discipline, and it's a rational thing. But I really think every man has an art, and I look at my sport as an artist looks at art. This is me. Basketball has brought me out of myself and caused me to question who I am."

So there they are, among all those Wilson and Fulbright and Danforth scholars hurrying along Middle Path in Gahler, Ohio, the Kenyon star and the Kenyon coach. One questioning who he is, the other just having fun.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Sudden crowds are the mark of a top winner. Boisterous Belas bring and trouble town kids from the sidelines and enthusiastic students paint signs. The foul birds are the Cardinals of Otterbein old conference foes who struggled during the 1968 game, then gave in to the inevitable

THE PASSING FANCY

BY MERVIN HYMAN

"Ask a boy what his strength is," says USC Coach Bob Boyd, "and he'll tell you he has a 17-foot jump shot that never misses. Or a great hook shot. Or he is a tremendous rebounder. I have yet to have one tell me that he likes to pass."

What Boyd does not say is that most of today's players hardly know how to pass, with rare exceptions, they have failed to learn what was once considered the basic fundamental of the game, ball handling. That lovely art was, in fact, threatening to become as extinct as the center jump until, ironically, the full-court press forced a revival. Now there are a number of coaches who contend that ball handling, in the next few years, is going to be revived, out of necessity if nothing else.

In defense of the players, it is easy to see why the passers and ball handlers, who used to rate top billing (yes, Vir-

gina, there really was a Bob Cousy), passed largely from the scene. The big men and the newfangled jump shooters took their places. But, while the hoimers were exciting to watch, the game they played was beginning not to be. College basketball, in fact, was and still is an serious danger of becoming stereotyped, just like the pro game. In too many cases coaches lucky enough to have a cadre of pure shooters—and who does not have them today?—simply shrugged their shoulders and said, "We'll outshoot 'em." And even this season, with an increasing number of coaches seeking new ways to circumvent the harassment of the pressing defenses, it will be much of the same thing: big men with big point totals.

Coach Dean Smith of North Carolina calls the present game power basketball. It is that and it is fast-breaking, free-lancing basketball. The shooters are so pro-

ficient that it is almost impossible to stop a good one. Why waste time passing the ball three or four times, ask the coaches, when you can get to your shooter right away, and he'll put it in the hole?

The player who can execute the reverse dribble or snap off crisp, accurate passes with either hand (sometimes behind his back) is regarded as something of a maverick. When he pulls off one of the oldtime moves, usually he is accused of showboating. The give-and-go, in which one player hands the ball off to a teammate, then cuts around the defender for a return pass, is tried so seldom that when it works, spectators, especially the younger ones, seem to think it was a lucky-dumb accident, not a planned play. These same people do know their shooters, a point that has not been lost on the players. The shooters get the headlines. The ball handler gets a pat on the back.

The old Left: Cousy's elegant pass; center: Cousy, backboard is down; Johnson, midair; players when they were still in college



"You can't find a high school kid who really knows very much about ball handling," says Colorado State Coach Jim Williams. "They think more about scoring." Kansas Coach Ted Owens says, "Look at the kids playing around a garage or backyard basket. You don't ever see any of them practicing passing or dribbling. Mostly, they'll be shooting." Says Coach Tates Locke of Miami of Ohio, "Kids aren't respecting the ball the way they once did."

Nostalgic nonsense? Not entirely. If the emergence of the one-handed shot has made basketball scoring more efficient, it has also made it less fascinating. Before, youngsters spent their time on basketball courts practicing the skills of ball handling, passing, dribbling and protecting the ball. Particularly proficient were New York players who trained in the schoolyards of the city. "We used to say they had the 'smarts,'" recalls Pete Newell, the former University of California coach.

New York teams coached by Nat Holman of City College, Joe Lapchack of St. John's, Howard Cann of NYU and Clair Bee of LIU were a delight to watch. They moved the ball skillfully until someone got loose for a crackling pass and a layup. "That was the beauty of the

game," says Lapchack. "Those kids knew what to do with a basketball."

Nowadays, however, even the New York City schoolyards have a changed look. Youngsters still play endless games of two-on-two and three-on-three but now they work on their shooting.

New York City was not the only place where you could find slick ball handling. Holy Cross, coached to a national championship in 1947 by the late Doggie Julian, moved the ball around so fast that sometimes the players forgot to shoot. Cousy and Joe Mullaney, now the coach of Providence College, were the stars of that team. Coach Adolph Rupp's 1947-48 Kentucky team, called the "Fabulous Five," won the national championship and the Olympic gold medal in 1948. In addition to Ralph Beard and Alex Groza, a member of that team was Cliff Barker, who had been an Air Force sergeant in World War II. Barker learned to handle the ball in a prisoner of war camp after being shot down on a mission over Germany.

"You had to find something to do or you would go stir crazy," says Barker, "so I got a basketball from the Red Cross and started working with it." Barker spent hours, day after day, practicing dribbling and passing, and by the

time he got back to Kentucky he was a wizard at handling the ball.

Perhaps the most spectacular of all the ball handlers—and the model for the few who are outstanding today—was Cousy, who gained his greatest fame as a pro with the Boston Celtics. Cousy had uncanny control of the ball and on-lookers marveled at his ability to dribble defenders out of their high-rise sneakers. He could alternate hands on the dribble and change his pace, all in an instant. More important, he was a marvelous passer, whipping quick, blind tosses or low bounce passes to teammates cutting for the basket. Cousy's specialty was the behind-the-back switch with the ball, right to left or left to right. He used it on a driving layup, and nobody was ever sure which hand had the ball. Or whether he was eventually going to pass or shoot.

Cousy played at a time when superb ball handlers were still the rule rather than the exception. Every team had at least one: Bobby Davies of Seton Hall and the Rochester Royals, Dick McGuire of St. John's and the New York Knickerbockers, Slater Martin of Texas and the St. Louis Hawks.

"I had a tremendous natural advantage," admits Cousy, "because I

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The new Billy Evans, Jr. (left) and Frankia Gillen are among the best of the few ballhandlers in college today.



was blessed with peripheral vision I didn't have to look at the man I wanted to pass to. I always knew where he was. I had some other advantages, too. I was ambidextrous, and I could snap off my passes. My hands were big, too, much bigger than they should have been for my size. And I learned my basketball in New York. You just naturally dribbled, passed, faked, changed directions and played give-and-go. It was the finesse way to play basketball, and everybody I grew up with played it that way."

There are, of course, exceptions to everything, including trends in sports. For all its marvelous scorers, professional basketball has some exceptional passers. Guy Rodgers, Elgin Baylor, Walt Hazard, Johnny Egan, Len Wilkens, Earl Monroe, Jimmy Walker, Gail Goodrich and Oscar Robertson, called by some the best passer of all time. The presence of so many good ball handlers *per capita* probably is to be expected in a sport as distilled as pro basketball, which each year takes in only a handful of the graduating college seniors who played basketball.

Not all college coaches agree that ball handling is a lost art. Loyola of Chicago's George Ireland, whose teams are noted for their running game, is one who does not. "How do you think we get down there so fast?" he asks. "The ball handling is much better now than it was in the good old days. Then it was a lot of individual stuff. Now there is more team play, fast passing, crisscrossing, cutting. I hope the old days never come back. What did you see? Ring-around-the-rosy, a lot of passes, a lot of meaningless stuff."

Villanova's Jack Kraft concedes that there may be a shortage of fine ball handlers elsewhere in the country but not in the East. "Our kids work on it," he says, "and teams like St. Bonaventure, Holy Cross, St. John's, Boston College and the Philadelphia clubs always have the passers."

Coch John Wooden of UCLA, who has had some good ones, denies that there has ever been a shortage of fine college ball handlers. "Maybe they're not so fancy today," he says, "but there are quite a few around. I wish that I had found—or that they had found me."

Johnny Dee of Notre Dame goes further. "There hasn't been an outstanding team in the last 20 years that didn't

have a super ball handler," he says. "Like Larry Siegfried at Ohio State, K. C. Jones at San Francisco, Walt Hazard and Mike Warren at UCLA. You need the caddy who can get the ball up-court, the guy who can pass off to the man in the clear. Without him you just don't win."

Maybe so, but Butch van Breda Kolff, coach of the pro Los Angeles Lakers, has to be convinced. "If there's no shortage," he asks, "why are we all going around trying to make hackcourt men out of college forwards? Where are they hiding?"

The truth is, ball handlers have not been hiding; they have been in short supply. But those two new developments in the game—the zone press and combination defenses—are beginning to change that. The press, which harasses the mediocre ball handler and makes capital of his shortcomings, has become one of the most devastating weapons in basketball, as coaches of the many teams that have lost to UCLA in recent years have learned to their sorrow. Because of the stringent defenses, says Oklahoma State's Hank Iba, a dedicated believer in ball control, the day of the ball handler is returning. "It won't happen overnight," he says, "but it definitely is on the way back. There's no other way to beat the defenses now."

While most coaches merely brood about the shortage of skilled ball handlers, there are some who work at trying to develop them. Tennessee's Ray Mears, whose patent game depends upon good floor play for its success, works his squad 15 to 20 minutes every day, practicing one-on-one with reverse dribbles, dribbling between the legs and similar moves. Then one player works against two men, learning to bring the ball upcourt against pressure. The Vols are so good at handling the ball that they put on a drill before most of their games that reminds spectators of the Harlem Globetrotters.

Colorado State's Williams has devised several drills designed to sharpen his team's passing. "Many coaches don't bother coaching the ball handler," he says, "but the coaches who do are the ones who win."

Cousy, who now coaches Boston College, insists that the ball handler is the most important man on any team, even if he is not a shooter. "The worst thing you can have is your big guns in the back-

court," Cousy explains. "The playmaker has to be a respectable shooter but scoring is not his real function. He has to keep the other four guys happy. He has to pass out the sugar."

Cousy feels so strongly about good passing that he may have stressed it to a fault this year. He has two superior hackcourt men on his team, Billy Evans, a little fellow with brains, ideal quickness and a feel for the ball, and Jim O'Brien, a sophomore who, some think, could be even defter than Evans. Their problem is that they may not have many people to throw the ball to, not, at any rate, as many as Cousy would like to have.

Even so, Cousy wants his passers to direct the game. "I don't want our big men ever to put the ball on the floor," he says. "If our ball handler doesn't get the ball on the first pass, we don't fast break. He makes the pass that leads directly to the score."

While the ranks of truly gifted ball handlers are thin, there are some good ones to watch this season, among them Pete Maravich of LSU, Jo Jo White of Kansas, Butch Beard of Louisville, Calvin Murphy of Niagara, Billy Hann of Tennessee, Vince Fritz of Oregon State, Charlie Scott of North Carolina, Frankie Gillen of Villanova and Duke's clever sophomore, Dick DeVenzio.

Gillen is an excellent example of what most young players do not do these days. "I guess I started working on my ball handling in the fourth or fifth grade," he recalls. "I used to watch Guy Rodgers a lot. I loved the way he handled the ball, it just took me over. I used to play with older guys, so I'd work more on ball handling than scoring, leaving that for the big horses."

Maravich, who is big, loved ball handling as much as Gillen. "I've worked with a basketball ever since I was big enough to bounce it," he says. "I even practiced dribbling in the dark." That, as much as his shooting, is why Wooden calls Maravich the best of all the current college ball handlers. "He's as good a passer as anybody who ever played the game," says Wooden, who himself was a spectacular ball handler when he played at Purdue in the early 1930s.

But the Maraviches, the Gillens, the Whites and a handful of others are a lean minority in a sport that was once noted for its finesse. And what ever became of the bounce pass?

END



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Unbeatens met, and what happened beats all

With tickets selling for \$125 apiece, Harvard and Yale undefeated and the Ivy League in a dither, there seemed no way for the contest to match the buildup. Then Harvard sent in Frank Champi by PAT PUTNAM

The first half was dying, and so was Harvard. The offense was going backward, the defense was going out of its mind playing Chinese tag with Brian Dowling, that crazy-legged quarterback from Yale who throws balloons for touchdowns. The plan had been to keep Dowling in a pocket, but Harvard was having trouble keeping him in Cambridge. Yale led 22-0, and what was supposed to be a classic in the annals of The Game and an epic battle of unbeaten for the Ivy League championship was a laugh-in, an embarrassment, a Harvard humiliation.

Finally, desperately, John Yovosin, the Harvard coach, turned to Frank Champi, his second-string quarterback, and said, "O.K., you try it for a while." The 10,000 Men of Harvard paled. Frank Champi? Frank Champi? Why all season he's completed exactly five passes. Please, not Frank Champi. Even out on the field the Harvard men were saying *Frank Champi?*

"We knew Frank had the arm," said Tom Jones, a 200-pound actor who plays left guard, "but we felt he was a little inexperienced for the job. He's a junior and he's sort of been nervous all year."

"Frankly, we were surprised to see him," admitted Harvard Captain Vic Gatto. "He hasn't played a whole lot this year, and confidence is something you get by playing, not by sitting on the bench. But we needed to be shaken up and he did it."

For an opening shake, with 39 seconds left in the half, Champi flipped a pretty 15-yard touchdown pass to Bruce Freeman, a sophomore split end. A poor snap from center betrayed the attempted conversion, but six points is better than none, and 22-6 is not quite as depressing as 22-0.

"At halftime I knew we could win," Yovosin was to say late that afternoon. "I told our boys that all we had to do was shut out Yale while getting two

touchdowns and a field goal. I was sure we could do it."

"Oh, sure he was sure," said one of the Harvard team's 22 seniors with surprising emotion when he heard of the quote that evening. "Listen, Yovosin had given up on us. All he wanted us to do was go out there and get the rest of the afternoon over as quickly as possible. But we weren't playing for him and we weren't playing for the school, we were playing for ourselves. We were the ones who knew we could still win."

"Before this season the majority of seniors on this team almost walked out. We'd been the forgotten guys on this club. Ever since our freshman year we'd been ignored. We changed our minds about walking out after Gatto was elected captain. We held a meeting in January and decided to rally around Vic, to play for ourselves. We wanted to show the school, the coaches and the experts that we were a lot better than any of them gave us credit for. And we have."

When the second half opened, George Lahch, Harvard's regular quarterback, returned for three plays. He had been as instrumental as anyone in bringing Harvard into the game with an 8-0 record, but his passing had soured at mid-season and it was not improving against Yale. The three plays gained nothing, and Harvard punted.

But Yale was now struck by a series of fumbles. It began with the punt, which Harvard recovered on the Yale 25. Once more in came Champi, a balding 20-year-old history major who can throw a football 85 yards with his right arm and 50 yards with his left and who was the best javelin man in Harvard history until he strained a muscle last spring. Harvard scored in three plays, with Fullback Gus Crim getting the touchdown.

The conversion made it 22-13, and the 40,280 fans—at least one of whom paid \$1,000 to a scalper for a block of eight seats—began to stir. Perhaps the

game would, after all, turn out to be worth the price. Up to this point the best game probably had been the scalping. As one Yale student said in New Haven on Wednesday, "I found my turkey for Thanksgiving. He's fat and Old Blue and rich."

Of the tickets available at \$6 each—*continued*



HARVARD HERO CHAMPI ON THE MOVE

15,000 were shipped down to Yale, where the majority were doled out at the rate of four per student. "The rest," said Jack Blake, who handles such things at Yale, "went to the alumni—one two per person." He smiled and shook his head. "For three straight days my phone never stopped ringing. They were demanding to know why they ordered six or eight and only got two. This is the first time such a thing ever happened."

Home-team Harvard did things differently. It gave out 9,000 tickets to undergraduates—the highest student ticket demand ever. It filled its alumni orders by starting with the oldest class. When officials got to the class of '49 they ran out of tickets and quit. "I just avoided phone calls," said Ticket Manager Gordon Page, who, if nothing else, helped Harvard set the NCAA record for the team cheered by the largest number of Golden Agers.

And how they cheered when Crim's run cut Yale's lead to nine points in the third quarter. Then a strange thing happened: Yale had scored in 22 straight quarters, but in this one it didn't, primarily because it gave up two more fumbles to Harvard.

"Enough of this nonsense," or some such thing, said Brian Dowling. It is claimed by Yale fans that Dowling once walked from New Haven to Long Island—straight across the Sound. "At most universities the bag is saying God is dead," said a Yale undergraduate. "We think He's wearing No. 10."

Stung, perhaps, by the ending of the scoring streak, Dowling needed just eight plays in the fourth quarter to begin a new one, rolling five yards around right end himself for the touchdown, his second of the game. He had passed three yards to Calvin Hill and five to Del Marting for the others.

Now Carmen Cozza, the Yale coach, glanced at the scoreboard: Yale 28, Harvard 13, and 10 minutes and 44 seconds to play. Cozza shrugged and waved in Bob Bayless to kick the extra point, which he did. Following Yale's third score Cozza had ordered a two-point conversion, which Dowling had picked up on a pass to Marting.

"After the third touchdown," said Cozza, "I figured two points would put it out of reach. After the fourth one, I figured what difference does it make? There was no way they could come back. No way they could win."

The Cozza Theory of Conversions While Enjoying a 15-Point Lead held up for 10 minutes, which was slightly less than it should have. With Yale rooters waving handkerchiefs and screaming across the field, "You're No. 2," Champi rallied his troops. "When they started waving those white hankies and yelling," said Gatto, "it got to us." Harvard drove downfield, and with 42 seconds left Champi threw a 15-yard scoring pass to Freeman. A Yale penalty gave Harvard two tries at the two-point conversion, and Crim got it the second time on a run. Bedlam! Everyone in New England now screamed, "Onside kick." Everyone, that is, but the Yale thinkers, for out trotted the usual kickoff-return team and up front went the big lumbering blockers. So, of course, Harvard's Bill Kelly wound up with the ball on the Yale 49.

With Champi running for 14 yards and getting 15 more when his face mask was grabbed, Harvard eventually reached the Yale eight. Now there were three seconds left. Champi scrambled back, forward, back, twirled and hurried. Suddenly the afternoon was reduced to a prayer meeting. Does He wear a blue or a crimson tie? The ball sailed, time ran out and Gatto gathered in the pass. Touchdown! Crimson cravat!

"What should we do," screamed a delirious Harvard fan, "go for the two points and a tie or settle for one point and a loss?"

"Are you crazy?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

"By this time," said Champi, "I was so tired I wasn't even nervous." And so, tiredly, he passed to Pete Varney for two points and a 29-29 tie.

Later, in the Yale dressing room, no one spoke. Fred Morris, the center, sat on the stairs, his head cradled in his arms. He was still wearing his helmet. Slowly the team undressed, showered, then dressed. Still no one spoke. Finally an outsider said, "You guys didn't lose. You're still undefeated. You're still the Ivy League co-champions."

Bruce Weinstein, a giant tight end, looked over. "No," he said softly, "when you've done what we just did you've lost. It's the same as a defeat. We don't feel much like champions."

And downstairs, in the madhouse that was the Harvard locker room, Champi, the second-string quarterback, sat and wondered where he was, if he really was a hero.

"It's been a strange day from the beginning," he said. "I'm an intuitive guy, and when I woke up this morning I was sort of in a dream. It felt like something great was going to happen to me. Then when I got here I still felt strange. It didn't feel like I was here but somewhere else. I still don't feel like I'm here. It's all very strange."

Frank Champi the hero of the greatest day in the 94-year history of The Game? Very strange, indeed.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-1-1)
2. ARKANSAS (9-1)
3. HOUSTON (6-1-2)

Although Arkansas already had a Sugar Bowl bid assured, it went to Lubbock hoping to get its hands on a bowl of cotton. The Razorbacks wound up with a 42-7 win over Texas Tech and with at least a share of the Southwest Conference title. And if Texas A&M upsets Texas on Thanksgiving, the Razorbacks will get their Cotton Bowl trip and the Longhorns will have to be satisfied with sugar. Arkansas' win was built around Bill Burnett, who scored three times and ran for 130 yards, and an aggressive defense that stole seven passes and two fumbles.

As usual, SMU started slowly, but eventu-

ally the Alphabet Offense got rolling against Baylor by capitalizing on the running of Mike Richardson, who gained 154 yards, and the passing of Chuck Hixon, who completed 14 of his last 22 passes and 26 of 51 overall. Hixon's three touchdown passes gave him a total of 21, breaking an SWC record held by Davey O'Brien and Sammy Rugh, and SMU a 33-17 win. Wireless Rice stayed that way, losing to TCU 24-14.

In the Astrodome, Houston mercifully victimized Tulsa 100-6, not an altitude high score but certainly an indoor record. Paul Gipson scored three times and romped for 282 yards in less than three quarters, but even without him Houston piled on 49 points in the final period. In all, the Cougars, the nation's total-offense leader, accumulated 772 yards. UTEP, with Eugene Childs scor-

ing on a short plunge and a 54-yard run, rallied from a 12-0 halftime deficit to down Colorado State 23-19.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (9-0)
2. KANSAS (9-1)
3. PURDUE (8-2)

Missouri-Kansas games have a way of bringing back memories of the border warfare between the two states that supposedly ended in 1863. Tiger fans last week came up with a fight song that told Kansas backers they could take up residence where they would never have to worry about having cold feet. The Kansas chancellor himself retorted, "We'll put Missouri's Tigers so far in the tank they'll never come out." Well, the Orange Bowl-bound Jayhawks scored 14 quick points but barely kept the Gator Bowl-bound Tigers in the tank 21-19. The lid was finally clamped on by a Kansas defense that blocked a point-after kick and stopped a sweep on a two-point attempt, plus heady work by Safety Dave Morgan, who was in Missouri's hair all day. Kansas still gained at least a tie for the Big Eight title.

Oklahoma will share the honor with Kansas if it beats Oklahoma State this week. Against Nebraska Saturday, the Sooners' Steve Owens set Big Eight single-game records with five touchdowns and 30 points, and a season rushing mark with 1,416 yards in a 47-0 rout. In addition, Bob Warrnick of the Sooners neared the all-time conference record in total offense with 4,101 yards, and Eddie Hinton set another mark by upping his season's yardage on pass receptions to 803. Kansas State, trailing 14-0 at the half, rallied to beat Oklahoma State 21-14 and escaped the cellar for the first time in five years. Lynn Dickey of the Wildcats made good on 17 passes for another Big Eight record, 125 completions this season.

Ohio State settled the Big Ten race and a trip to the Rose Bowl by defeating Michigan (page 22). For the first time since he came down with acute hepatitis four weeks ago, Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf was permitted to leave the hospital. After giving a short pregame pep talk to his players, he returned to his bed, where he listened as the Boilermakers got past Indiana 38-35. Leroy Keyes scored four touchdowns, three in the fourth period, his last, with 1-35 left, gave Purdue the lead for the first time.

Other Big Ten wins went to Michigan State, Minnesota and Iowa. Bill Triplett ran for three touchdowns and passed for a fourth as the Spartans finished off Northwestern 31-14. The Gophers dealt Wisconsin its 15th loss in a row 23-15, and the Hawkeyes recovered from a bumbling start to beat Illinois 37-13. Mid-American teams took two of three games from outsiders. Ohio University concluded a perfect 10-0 season by

overpowering Northern Illinois, and Bowling Green came on strong to trounce Xavier 44-14 as Vern Wireman passed for three third-period scores. But Miami of Ohio was stunned 23-21 by Cincinnati, which trailed 14-0 going into the final quarter, then scrambled back for three touchdowns and a 47-yard field goal by Jim O'Brien with three seconds to go. O'Brien's winning kick gave him 142 points for the season, the highest in the nation.

North Texas State (4-1) crushed Wichita State 44-6 and can claim a share of the Missouri Valley title should Memphis State (4-0) lose to Louisville this week.

WEST

1. USC (9-0)
2. OREGON STATE (7-3)
3. ARIZONA (8-1)

It was only a few minutes after his team had beaten Oregon State two weeks ago and USC Coach John McKay was busy lighting up a slim cigar when someone asked if he thought that clinching the Pacific Eight title and the Rose Bowl invitation would cause his team to have a letdown against the next opponent, UCLA. McKay adroitly fielded that one on the first hop. "We'd like to be national champions," he said softly, "and you can't do that without being city champions." For a while last Saturday his Trojans almost blew both prizes, and maybe it was just as well that the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum was socked in by smog. UCLA led 10-7 early in the second quarter, thanks to some fancy running by Halfback Mickey Cureton. Then O. J. Simpson, hammering the Bruins relentlessly inside and out, got USC back on the track. Still the Trojans were ahead only 21-16 in the last period and UCLA was on the USC one-yard line. But Quarterback Jim Nader, as for injured Bill Bolden, tried a sweep right, slipped and fell. Minutes later the precocious Bruins were threatening one last time, but Linebacker Jim Snow intercepted a Nader pass. Simpson then ate up 47 yards in three big gulps, scored his third touchdown of the day from the four-yard line and the Trojans won 28-16. O.J. carried 40 times for 205 yards, bringing his total for the year to 1,654 and breaking Mercury Morris' week-old NCAA single-season record.

There was the chance, too, that Oregon State would have a letdown against Oregon in what Oregonians like to call their annual "civil war." Coach Dee Anderson didn't think so. "We're fighting for respect," he said. Oregon showed how much it respected OSU. Fullback Bill Enyart, stacking its defense to stop him. It was no use. Enyart scattered the stack with his crushing jolts, smashed the Ducks for 168 yards and scored three touchdowns as OSU won easily 41-19.

California's version of The Game was ab-

most as startling as the Ivy League's. Everybody figured that California's strong defense would gobble up Stanford. Instead, Quarterback Jim Plunkett and Flanker Gene Washington had their own picnic. Plunkett cluttered up Cal's defense with keeper plays and accurate passes, Washington caught seven to break the conference record—with 71—and Stanford won 20-0 for a 6-3-1 record, the same as Cal's. Washington State also surprised Washington, whipping the Huskies 24-0 to give Coach Jim Owens his first losing season (3-5-2) in a decade.

For years Arizona has played its games in near seclusion. But suddenly the Wondercats have become one of the hottest items in the state and a record 40,500 turned out in Tucson to watch them play Wyoming in a Western AC showdown. The crowd wasn't disappointed. Arizona made up a 7-0 deficit on the sharp passing of Quarterback Bruce Lee and then beat the Cowboys 14-7 as Fullback Neki Fumaono, a native-born Samoan, set up the winning touchdown with five straight blazes into the line. Now to win the WAC title Arizona must only beat Arizona State this Saturday. An Arizona loss, however, will give it to Wyoming. Arizona State, meanwhile, warmed up for the big game by trouncing San Jose State 66-0 as Art Malone scored four touchdowns.

There had been a few hints earlier in the season that Air Force was coming on strong, but nobody really expected the Falcons to manhandle Colorado. They did, though, despite a brilliant performance by Buffalo Quarterback Bob Anderson, who had 286 yards in total offense. Halfback Ernest Jennings shredded the Colorado defense for 124 yards, Quarterback Gary Baxter threw over it for three touchdowns and Air Force won easily 38-35 for a 7-3 season.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (9-0)
2. ARMY (6-3)
3. YALE (8-0-1)

It seemed strange, but there was Penn State Coach Joe Paterno chewing out his substitute quarterback for throwing a touchdown pass. What irked Paterno was that he was trying to hold down the score against poor Pitt, and Mike Cooper's 19-yard pass had given unbeaten Penn State a 58-9 lead in the third quarter. The rout had started early, with 35 points in the second period, as Halfback Charlie Pittman scored three times, and at the end the incorrigible Nittany Lions were ahead 65-9. Merely, that ended a 1-9 season for the Panthers and Coach Dave Hart's short career as Pitt, as well. Two days later he resigned.

Rutgers' Coach John Bateman didn't chew out anybody. He just savored every moment of his team's 35-34 victory over Colgate, especially the moments when little Halfback Bryant Mitchell was running all over

continued

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

the Red Raiders and Quarterback Rich Polcastro was throwing touchdown passes Mitchell gained 146 yards and Polcastro threw for four scores as the Scarlet Knights finished an 8-2 season, their best since 1981. "It was a beautiful year," said Bateman. "I'm sorry it's over."

It took a while for Boston College to convince stubborn Massachusetts that it couldn't hold the Eagles forever, but BC Quarterback Joe Marzetti finally got through to the Redmen. He threw a touchdown pass, then ran nine yards for another score and Massachusetts squeaked 21-6. Holy Cross had to come from behind to beat Connecticut 27-24 on Fullback Tommy Lamb's 10-yard run with 3:47 to go, and Buffalo defeated Boston University 13-10 to give the Bulls a 7-3 record for the season.

Not all the Ivy League shouting was in Cambridge. It was like old times in Penn's Franklin Field, with 50,188—the largest crowd in years—on hand to watch Penn's best team since 1959. The Quakers, who had lost only to Yale and Harvard, didn't disappoint their followers. With Quarterback Bernie Zbierewy passing for 176 yards and Fullback Gerry Sauter running for 133, Penn defeated Dartmouth 26-21. Princeton and Columbia also had some fun. The Tigers hammered Cornell 41-13 as Tailback Brian McCullough scored three touchdowns, while Columbia battered Brown 46-20. But, in a way, it was a sad day at Columbia, for it was the swan song of Quarterback Marty Domres, who completed 30 of 54 passes for 329 yards and two touchdowns and scored twice on runs. All told, Domres set 15 school and 12 Ivy records for passes thrown and completed, passing yardage and total offense. He also broke the NCAA mark for total offensive plays—1,132 in three years. "He's the best I've ever seen," said Coach Frank Navarra. "He's just incredible."

SOUTH

- 1 GEORGIA (7-0-2)
- 2 TENNESSEE (7-1-1)
- 1 ARIZONA (7-2)

Charles de Gaulle refused to devalue the franc, but South Carolina definitely deflated Clemson's Frank Howard, beating him 7-1 and jousting the Atlantic Coast Conference championship right out of his hands. The title went instead to North Carolina State, which trashed a week earlier with a 6-1 ACC mark. Clemson was 4-1-1. It was a 73-yard punt return in the third period by Tyler Hellams that gave the Gamecocks their win and reduced the usually talkative Howard to a whisper. "Of all the games I wanted to win, this was it," was about all Howard said. He has been none too chummy with South Carolina's Paul Dietzel since Dietzel came into the ACC in 1966.

A pair of first-period touchdowns helped

both Virginia and North Carolina to their ACC victories. Frank Quyle scored twice for the Cavaliers in the opening quarter and again with four minutes left in the game to overcome Maryland 28-23. The Tar Heels upset Duke 25-14 as Gayle Bonar tossed two touchdown passes.

When it came to catching touchdown passes no one surpassed Ron Sellers, who caught five of them from Bill Cappelman as Florida State whipped Wake Forest 42-24. Cappelman completed 22 of 33 passes for 365

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK. Kansas Safetyman Dave Morgan made three key plays in 21-19 win over Missouri, running back an intercepted pass for a score, setting up a TD with a fumble recovery and intercepting a pass in the end zone.

THE LINEBACKER. Florida State's Ron Sellers, alternating at flanker and split end, caught 14 passes for 260 yards and five touchdowns against Wake Forest, raising his career yardage to 3,384 and breaking an NCAA record.

yards. "Sellers," said one effervescent pro scout, "is absolutely the most magnificent pass receiver who ever put on a uniform, and his moves after he catches the ball would make a jaguar envious." It was the last game for Bill Tate of the Deacons, who earlier in the week had announced his resignation. As for Seminole Coach Bill Peterson, he and his team accepted an offer to face LSU in Atlanta's first Peach Bowl.

The hands on the scoreboard clock were not working, but those belonging to Bubba Wyche and Lester McClain were as Tennessee topped Kentucky 24-7 in a Southeastern Conference game. Wyche was on target with 17 of 24 passes, three of them for touchdowns, two of which were scored by McClain.

LSU disposed of Tulane 34-10 as Tommy Murrel caught 10 passes and Mike Hillman connected on 14 of 21. Vanderbilt scored 41 points in the first half, then coasted to a 53-20 win over Davidson.

Buster O'Brien of Richmond left the William and Mary secondary looking like a colander as he passed for 245 yards and three touchdowns in a 31-6 romp. The win earned the Spiders the Southern Conference title and a berth in the Tangerine Bowl against Ohio University. Fullback Butch Colton hit on all four of his passes, ran for 117 yards and scored twice as East Carolina defeated The Citadel 23-14.

With Eddie Silvero popping through the Syracuse defense for 195 yards, West Virginia upset the Orangemen 23-6. And Southern Mississippi beat Tampa 21-7, which made it a pleasant ending for Coach Ben Vann, who had announced that he was leaving after this, his 20th season.

END

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Sandy Norris is 22. She's from Weslaco, Texas. And after one year on the job, this is what she told us about being a stewardess:

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Longer lives from a mass death

Dying salmon may help science
in its study of man's longevity

In a most unlikely place—the trackless land of British Columbia, where bald eagles still wheel over evergreen ridges that shelter moose, mountain sheep and bear—today's medical scientists are fishing in some of the world's finest salmon waters for a fountain of youth. What they are seeking, specifically, are clues to aging in the Pacific salmon, a fish programmed by nature to die within weeks of leaving the ocean to spawn in the river of its birth. In those short weeks the salmon ages as much as a man does in 20 to 40 years.

Intrigued by the phenomenon of these salmon, the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, Calif. invited 37 specialists, 12 of them medical doctors and 25 of them biological scientists, to go fishing for facts on the Bella Coola and Dean rivers in British Columbia. The group included blood, brain, bone and heart experts, specialists in tropical and children's diseases, a milk biochemist from Penn State's Department of Dairy Sciences and an authority on liver enzymes from the Hadassah School of Medicine in Jerusalem. As they headed south from Juneau, Alaska last August on Scripps' 133-foot, 300-ton floating laboratory, the *Alpha Helix*, Professor Gerard Milhaud of the University of Paris admitted he had never touched a live fish (and it took him a couple of weeks on the Bella Coola before he would pick up a squirming salmon).

The fishing equipment on board was as unsophisticated as Huck Finn's, but the scientific gear was something else. The *Alpha Helix* carried a \$35,000 elec-

tron microscope that magnified objects up to 40,000 times their size, an \$8,000 centrifuge that separated various elements in blood samples and diamond knives that could slice tissue specimens as thin as one-millionth of an inch. The \$1.4 million ship was built three years ago so that biochemists and medical men could study various scientific problems on the spot, make conclusions on an experiment and then quickly proceed to the next question.

For the Scripps' salmon fishing party the original goal was to determine if coho, sockeye and pink salmon contract heart disease in the stress of spawning and if this is actually what kills them. For five years Dr. Robert Van Citters, a cardiovascular physiologist at the University of Washington, who was the one avid fisherman included in the expedition, had been sectioning the hearts of fish he caught on Northwest rivers. In spawning steelhead trout he had almost always found evidence of coronary disease. However, the steelhead taken at sea, before they entered the freshwater rivers to spawn, showed few traces of coronary degeneration. Unlike the Pacific salmon, the steelhead does not die upon spawning but returns to the ocean. When these fish reentered the salt water, Dr. Van Citters discovered, they recovered from the coronary disease. An earlier study showed salmon also suffered coronary trouble—similar to that found in people affected by hardening of the arteries. The scientists hoped that from the salmon and steelhead they could learn something significant about the causes and cure of heart disease.

Soon after their arrival in the town of Bella Coola a few of the group went 40 miles north to the Dean in search of steelhead. With the approval of national and local fishery departments, they set about stringing nets across the river. In the fast current they slipped, splashed, lost their nets and almost were swept out to sea. The next day they tried fishing with light tackle. Again, no success. That ended the steelhead study.

Meanwhile, back at the ship, pulmonary specialists investigating the hearts of the spawning salmon found a lower incidence of heart trouble than they had expected. Instead, the scientists found themselves fascinated with the spectacle of death in the river. Even as salmon moved up the Bella Coola to spawn, they were rotting. Some living salmon

were without tails. They spawned and within hours were dead.

"The phenomenon of death was overpowering," Dr. Eberhard Trams, a neurochemist, recalls. "If you see a lot of ants die you don't give a damn. But the larger the animal, the closer it gets to home. These were magnificent, highly organized beings suffering mass death. A whole society dies; every fish of that spawning age born in that river was dying. They become senile, and you watch the disintegration of the nervous system, muscles and bone. The fish literally seem to die of death. The fisheries and wildlife people accept this death. They consider it entirely natural. No one considered it odd."

The scientists decided to concentrate their study on the salmon's strange process of aging. In their investigation they have been trying to determine whether the death of a salmon in a particular year is caused by a factor in its genetic makeup, such as its homing device, or whether its aging and precocious death is physically triggered when it leaves the salt water and enters the river to spawn and die.

"We have learned to delay death and aging in man to an astonishing degree," Dr. Trams says. "With different diets and antibiotics, the life span of man has increased almost 40% in the last 60 years. Perhaps we can learn something to further extend man's life by using the spawning salmon as a laboratory tool."

Analyzing the metabolic decline of the salmon at Bella Coola took many forms—the calcium in the blood of fish just coming into the river was contrasted with that in the blood of fish that had spawned and were dying. Comparisons were made in the pigment in their skin and flesh, the fat in their bodies, their brains, glands, hormones, livers, muscles, cells and circulation. To do this testing, a variety of equipment was employed. The dimensions of a salmon's swim bladder were found by putting a small fish in a giant mayonnaise jar filled with water and lodging the necessary pipes and gauges for measurement in the cap of the jar. Oxygen consumption in salmon was figured by putting the fish in plastic cylinders in the river, pumping a certain amount of water into the cylinders and then measuring the oxygen in the outflowing water. The circulation of a salmon's blood was charted by using

an X-ray machine or by pumping radioactive Xenon 133 into its heart and then using Geiger counters to register the amount of radioactivity that had moved out to the various organs.

On the rear deck of the *Alpha Helix* a rubber children's swimming pool held live coho and pink salmon. Occasionally, when a fish appeared ready to belly up, someone would shove a green garden hose down his throat, sharply increasing his oxygen supply.

Don Wilkie, the only ichthyologist among the laboratory anglers, filled the scientists' daily orders. They might want four female coho or six male sockeye taken from the river or spring salmon taken from the sea. These Wilkie bought for 78¢ a pound from the purse seiners along the British Columbia coast. The spawning fish he picked up in dip nets. "Some of the scientists did not wonder,

or apparently care, where the fish came from," Wilkie says. "These men tunnel in on one problem, I've seen this at Scripps where I also provide the fish for laboratory tests. I remember one man there who for several years had been analyzing the blood of the keyhole limpet, which is a snail. One day he saw one of the limpets lying intact on a table in the lab and he asked someone what it was. Biochemists should go out and find their own specimens. They would acquire an appreciation for the animal. A lot of them think getting a spring salmon is as easy as going to Woolworth's and getting a pack of chewing gum."

In Bella Coola Wilkie would watch a scientist dump a 10-pound coho in a wash basin, slosh a bucket of sea water over him and begin a test. "Some of them forgot they were dealing with a living animal," Wilkie says. "They would

forget about his needs and think the salmon in the basin or the mayonnaise jar was responding normally. I had to suggest the fish might be under stress in these circumstances." It is, another naturalist suggests, something like studying the heart of a man after holding him under water for three minutes.

From their studies the scientists say they hope to gain insight into such maladies as heart attacks, strokes, arthritis, liver disorders, bone diseases, malnutrition and certain types of cancer. But the most significant research gathered is expected to be on the process of aging. To Dr. Trams an important finding was that the brain of the spawning salmon loses control over its pituitary gland. The gland increases greatly in size and productivity as the fish enters fresh water. With the pituitary running wild, there is a metabolic speedup in which the fat in the salmon's body is burned up. "It is as though all the glands were programmed to synchronize the combustion of fat simultaneously so that the whole machine runs out of fuel," Dr. Andrew A. Benson, the head of the expedition, explains. The gland that regulates the calcium in the salmon's system dissolves and with it its bones. The activity of the pituitary gland and loss of bone calcium are familiar symptoms of aging in man.

One significant difference in the physiology of fish and human, however, is the amount of cholesterol a salmon can tolerate. In the ocean it has five to 10 times as much in its bloodstream as man. High concentrations of cholesterol in humans cause strokes and heart attacks. "If we find out how the salmon manages to survive with gigantic amounts of cholesterol," Dr. Benson says, "perhaps we can help humans survive."

Engrossed in their scientific research, the doctors worked long hours—often from 9 in the morning until 2 or 3 the following morning. On a rare occasion someone would walk along the shore gathering mushrooms for *hors d'oeuvres*. In the evening in the lounge of the *Alpha Helix* they would tell their fish tales as a stereo played Bach.

They were unusual anglers but they saw value in their naiveté. "It is naiveté in the Kantian sense of the word," Dr. Trams explained. "If you do not go on a trip like that with preconceived notions, you get a lot better ideas and can visualize new approaches."



A FEW WEEKS EARLIER THESE DEAD SALMON WERE SLEEK SWIMMERS OF THE SEA

An ocean racer as ruthless as Captain Bligh

Sweet is a word often used in connection with sailboats, but the yacht with the complex winch arrangement shown here is just plain mean. She is Huey Long's new ketch *'Ondine,'* the toughest race winner of them all

Mutiny is something still ugly enough to stiffen the hairs on a sailorman's neck. Nowadays, for the most part, its connotation is historical or fictional, and the hairs that stiffen do so out of empathy for the plight of Fletcher Christian as he suffered aboard the *Bounty* or in horror at the twisted psycho who commanded the *Calve*. But last summer the word mutiny suddenly became topical as the sports pages of the nation's newspapers bloomed with rumors of a crew rebellion aboard the newest, sleekest, fanciest and (quite probably) most expensive ocean-racing yacht ever built: Millionaire Shipping Owner Sumner A. (Huey) Long's 73-foot ketch *Ondine III*.

The rumors began to circulate when word came that *Ondine* had quit the Transatlantic Race from Bermuda to Travemünde, West Germany somewhere

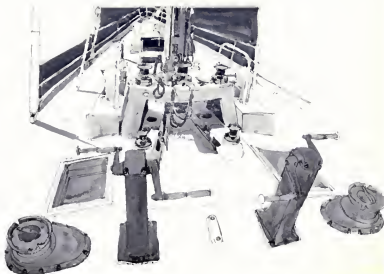
off The Skaw at the mouth of the Baltic and was putting into Bremen instead. As it turned out, the rumors were false. As Long himself explained later, "We'd just about run out of time when we reached The Skaw, where the first and longest leg of the race ended. *Ondine* badly needed a refit before she left for Australia, and her builders in Bremen were about to close up shop for the summer. Since it didn't seem likely we'd be able to finish the race and then go on to Bremen in time to catch the builders, I radioed the escort ship and told them I'd like to drop out of the race and head directly for Bremen."

The escort ship quite naturally agreed to *Ondine's* dropping out and agreed moreover to take 12 of her 21 crewmen on to Travemünde for the race-end festivities. Then the Bremen boatbuilders, Abeking and Rasmussen, abruptly de-

cided to keep their yard open a while longer for Good Customer Long—and *Ondine* finished the race anyway amid a new spasm of gossip.

All perfectly reasonable and explicable, so what got the talk of mutiny started in the first place? "I swear to God," said Long himself sometime later, "I don't know where people get these ideas." But the mystery was not that deep. Huey Long, a man with a compulsive will to win, has long had a reputation for driving his crews harder than any other racing skipper afloat. There were plenty of Long graduates on the beaches of the world who in their hearts had sometimes nursed the notion of mutiny, even though they had never let it mature. Their first response to news that a dozen Long crewmen were planning to leave his ship in mid-race was an instant, "Aha!" Less emotionally involved

continued





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sailors jumped to the same conclusion for a different reason. The Captain Bligh of this drama, they suspected, was not a man at all, but a boat: *Ondine III* herself, a sailing vessel seemingly designed for the express purpose of straining her crew to its utmost.

Over the last several years most ocean racers and yacht designers have concerned themselves more with handicaps than with sheer speed. In general the speed of a sailboat depends on the length of her load waterline, *i.e.*, the maximum length of hull submerged in the water while she is racing. But racing rules restrict the overall length of any boat to 73 feet. Of this, in conventionally designed craft a large proportion is devoted to overhang at the bow and the stern. *Ondine* is the forerunner of a new breed of ocean racers whose purpose is not to earn a high handicap by a tricky balancing of length and sail area but simply to go fast. "The hell with trying to beat small boats on time," says one of the prophets of the new trend. "Let's just see who can build the fastest boat."

The way to do this, of course, is to build more waterline into her, and "Pretty soon," says Long, "one of us will go all the way with a boat 73 feet overall and 73 feet on the water."

Until such a boat is built, *Ondine* is the next best thing. As veteran blue-water man Dick Bertram, one of her watch captains on the Transatlantic, explains, "Although she is only 73 feet long on deck, *Ondine* is 65 feet on the waterline, which really makes her the equivalent of an 85-footer with her ends cut off. Her sail plan, therefore, is tremendous by the standards of a conventional 73-footer."

For her crew, sailing other boats is to sailing *Ondine* like surfing Virginia Beach is to tackling Banzai or Sunset, only more so. Powered by parking-lot expanses of practically bulletproof Dacron, rugged with unbending stainless-steel rod, worked with merciless wire sheet and capable of withstanding all but the worst the sea can dish out, Long's new boat (he gave the old *Ondine* to the U.S. Naval Academy) is a floating torture test. During her maiden race in South America, *Ondine* spent much of her time thrashing into big seas and high winds. "Changes in the wind velocity called for so many changes of headsail," says Watch Captain Bertram, "that my crew of seven would lie in the cockpit



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEN DALLISON

RETRACTABLE spade rudder gives *Ondine* extra steering leverage. It was patterned on the gear used aboard *Intrepid* but slides up and down like the dagger board on a Sunfish.

exhausted when their watch was over."

But if *Ondine* makes infinite and unreasonable demands on her crewmen in the heat of competition, her designer, William Tripp, seemingly overlooked nothing that might make them more comfortable in the performance of their stern duties. Her conveniences range all the way from a retractable spade rudder for making steering easier to a sauna bath for the easing of strained muscles.

Esthetically speaking, *Ondine* is far from pretty to look at. Her bulbous bow and truncated stern look snubbed and grueless. But there is brutish ugliness about her that suggests the sense of power found in a bulldozer.

The first thing one notices is the huge retractable rudder assembly, sticking up on deck like a sore thumb and rather resembling one. The combination of a spade rudder hanging down far aft and used in combination with a trim tab on the trailing edge of a keel was first tried with notable success by Olin Stephens aboard the cup defender *Intrepid*. But Tripp went Stephens one better. He made it so his spade could be cranked up and out of the water to reduce drag in light air or going to windward.

Prominent as well on *Ondine*'s deck are the linked coffee-grinder winches made for her by Graydon-Smith, who made the grinders for *Intrepid* as well.

They make it possible, if not exactly easy, to capture and control such huge expanses of sail as a 2,081-foot genoa.

Embedded in the deck just ahead of these grinders are flush deck ports to feed sunlight into the darkness below, and just beyond them, armed with a battery of winches, is a specially designed console to handle the halyards. Normally, such winches are mounted to a mast, but in the interest of greater efficiency Tripp and Long devised this console arrangement to give their halyardmen greater freedom and better footing to haul up the heavy sails.

To decrease the effect of the wind on her rigging, the halyards on *Ondine*'s mainmast run up and down inside the mast, a spar as hefty as a 16-inch naval gun. This aluminum mast had to be specially fabricated, since no machine existed that was big enough to extrude it. A pair of rails shaped like upside-down U's give handholds or a back brace for crewmen working about the mast in bad weather. Alongside, like briars in a pipe-stand, a pair of Dorade ventilators funnel air below should the air-conditioning system fail.

If *Ondine* is a workhouse on deck, her accommodations below are as sumptuous as battle-weary crewmen could wish. Air conditioned in hot climates, heated in cold, her cabins are lined with

continued

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BOATING *continued*

quilted Naugahyde and vinyl, and way back aft in the owner's quarters is the sauna to steam out body kinks. It's not quite as fancy as the sauna in Long's New York apartment. "The one in my place," he explains, "has an upper and a lower bunk while *Onslow's* only has a lower, but it will do."

As for *Onslow's* galley, Escudé could not demand more. "It's like the kitchen in a hotel," says Professional Skipper Sven Joffe, who has been with Long for nine years. Well, not quite, but it is roomier than many apartment kitchens and includes a 25-cubic-foot deep freeze, a huge electric range and an apartment-sized refrigerator.

More spacious even than the galley is the sail room, a compartment as rarely seen aboard an ocean racer as a sauna. It runs from one side of the hull to the other, and a maw of a hatch in the foredeck allows haystack-shaped bags full of sails to drop into it. With all its room, however, it provides scant space for *Onslow's* vast inventory of 26 sails.

Open a hatch in the sole, or floor, of any one of *Onslow's* belowdecks compartments and one finds a maze of pipes, pumps, compressors, wires, valves and engines. Not content with one electrical system, Long has four different voltages to play with: 12, 32, 110 and, for good measure, 220. "If we ever have another blackout in Manhattan, all they'll have to do to solve it will be to pull *Onslow* alongside and plug her in to light the city," declares Designer Tripp, who sometimes refers to *Onslow* as "Con Edison." There is, in fact, such a variety and quantity of machinery aboard *Onslow* that she is one of the first contemporary racing sailboats to carry a full-time engineer on her roster.

For a boat of such complexity *Onslow* was designed and built surprisingly quickly, as Long insisted she be ready for the BA-Rio, or Buenos Aires to Rio race. Indeed, time was so important that Tripp drew the final lines without benefit of tank testing, usually a vital step in the creation of such top-line, custom-built craft. Into her hull Abeking and Rasmussen welded 25,000 pounds of aluminum, or enough to build between 40 and 50 16-foot runabouts.

During construction one of the most serious problems that confronted the builders was the delay of air-conditioning equipment made in the United States and held up in New York by a shipping

strike. Already stowed aboard a freighter, it might just as well have been locked in Fort Knox for all the good it did Long. But that hitch was solved when a band of men stole aboard the ship one dark night, retrieved the machinery and, somehow, shipped it off on a plane for Germany.

Designer Tripp, of course, denies the charge that his creation is an ugly duckling. "Yachtsmen grow up with ideas of what a pretty boat looks like," he argues, tapping his forehead, "but if you'd taken a 1939 vintage ocean racer that we now consider handsome and plopped her into Newport Harbor 100 years ago sailors would undoubtedly have thought her a freak."

Tripp may or may not be correct, but one thing is clear: until a better boat comes along, *Onslow* is the one to beat. In her maiden event, the BA-Rio, with scant hours of sailing to shake her down, she scored a grand slam. Even Long, sated with winning on corrected time in his old *Onslow*, was pleasantly surprised by his new boat's performance. Though her crew fought endless battles with thundering, slippery hunks of Dacron, guillotine wire sheets and huge seas that washed everlastingly over her bow, *Onslow*, performing like an America's Cup 12-meter, finished first, broke the course record and, to complete her clean sweep, beat a fleet of 32 crack ocean racers on handicap—an astonishing performance for a highly handicapped Class A boat in an age when little boats, dribbling in days later, win race after race thanks to a favorable racing rule.

In her next major event, the Bermuda race, *Onslow* lacked favorable winds and fell far short of lowering the course record but she was first boat to finish, a performance she repeated in the long haul to Traversum despite again being bedeviled by unusually fluky winds.

Refitted and with her record for crossing finish lines first unblemished, *Onslow* is now headed for Australia and her next challenge, the Sydney-Hobart. Where she will go after that is anybody's guess, since it depends on the whim of a notoriously capricious owner-skipper. One thing, however, is certain: wherever she goes she will take with her a complement of rugged, often driven sailors, sailors who sail for the love of the sport but who may occasionally—just occasionally—indulge themselves in the happy dream of mutiny.

END



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I hear that Arnie shot a 71.4

An old statistics nut examines the IBM figures for this year's pro tour and discovers that the game has changed since Tony Manero's day

Years ago the only sport a statistics nut could really get his teeth into was baseball. Then football took to keeping track of things like pass interceptions inside the 23-yard line on rainy days, and basketball began counting left-handed rebounds and technical fouls called on mouthy coaches. Other sports followed—the world was expanding—and now, finally, golf has entered the arena. For the past couple of years IBM has been hauling its 1130 computer around to various courses on the pro tour and recording practically everything that happens in a tournament except melting ice cubes and muttered curses.

This means that golf has suddenly taken on a new glamour for me. I am an antique golf fan, one who relates all 72-hole scores to Tony Manero's record-breaking 282 at Baltusrol in the 1936 Open, who still calls a No. 2 wood a brassie and who thinks that 200 yards is a hell of a drive. IBM straightened me out on that last one in a hurry. Its 1968 *Cumulative Golf Statistics*, covering the play of 124 professionals in 23 selected tournaments during the year (there are more than 40 tournaments during the season, but an 1130 computer has to pick its spots, like an aging pro), shook me up by revealing to my innocent eyes that 123 of the 124 pros averaged 240 yards or better (Bob Verwey was the bango butter), that 106 of them averaged 250 plus, that 31 of them averaged 260 plus and that Jack Nicklaus, at 275, wasn't even first. Good lord.

I discovered another general statistic that was complete news to me. I had always assumed that a men shooting a technically perfect round on a standard par-72 course—that is, straight par golf on every hole—would have 36 strokes tee to green and 36 putts, or two putts

per hole. But IBM kept track of the average number of putts per round for these superb golfers, and it isn't anything close to 36 putts. It ranges from 29.5 to 32 a round, which means that the worst putter among the touring pros was four under regulation on the greens. This means that if a pro could shoot 36 from tee to green—that is, play par golf, which seems reasonable—he would average no worse than 68 strokes a round. But only one of the 124 pros—Billy Casper—was able to shoot a sub-70 average. A little scrounging around among the figures brought out the startling fact that the pros do not shoot par golf on the fairway, and they don't come close. Only four made it from tee to green in less than 40, and 70% of them took at least 41 strokes, which is five over the theoretical par. In sum the average par round by a topflight pro is not 36 and 36 but something more like 41 tee to green and 31 putts.

This efficiency on the greens would seem to prove the contention that putting is every bit as important a factor in winning as everyone thinks. But, if putting is where some people win, it also seems to be where others lose. Take George Knudson, for example. Knudson is a superb golfer—until he reaches the green. His drives average 252 yards, farther by a yard than Casper and Julius Boros, and he is more accurate off the tee than either of those sharpshooters. In fact, he is second in accuracy among the 124 on IBM's list. Knudson is also a bear at going on from his drive to the green: only Jack Nicklaus reached the green in regulation more frequently (75.6% of the time to Knudson's 75.0%) and only Nicklaus got there in fewer strokes (39.3 to Knudson's 39.7). In other words, when George Knudson walked

onto the green he was second only to Nicklaus and ahead of Billy Casper, Gary Player, Julius Boros, Arnold Palmer—everybody. When he walked off the green he was 27th. He averaged 31.6 putts a round, only four golfers had more. He was 98th in "average putts on greens hit in regulation." In getting down in fewer than two putts, he was 120th. In avoiding three-putt greens, he was 108th. But don't feel too sorry for George. He won the Phoenix and Tucson Opens back to back and earned \$71,000 on the tour this year. Just think what would happen if he could putt.

Ron Cerrudo dies on the green, too. Cerrudo, who won the Cajun Classic last weekend, ranked seventh from tee to green in 1968, his second year on the tour, right up there in a tie with people like Boros and Player. But he putted as though Knudson had taught him, and his average of 31.2 putts a round—114th best—dragged him from seventh place down to 31st in the ranking for average score per round.

The bright side of the statistics belongs to Casper. Like Knudson's, his drives were short (if you can call 251 yards short) but accurate, and he was third behind Nicklaus and Knudson in reaching the green. On the green he was the best. For instance, even with his 39.8 average tee to green, he lost two strokes a tournament to Nicklaus on the fairways. But his putting made up those two strokes and two more besides. He was tied for first in putts on greens hit in regulation and first by a wide margin in fewest three-putt greens (only 1.3 per tournament). He was first by an even greater margin in fewest holes per tournament over par (7.8). Nicklaus led in most holes under par (15.8), but Casper was much better than Jack in what is either a highly significant or glaringly obvious statistic: the number of holes under par compared to the number over par. Only 26 of the 124 golfers were able to average more birdies than bogeys per tournament, and these 26, with two exceptions, were the 26 top-ranking golfers in average scores (the four best in the birdie-bogey relationship were the four best scorers, and in the same order). Casper was way out front. Nicklaus, who was second, birdied two more holes per tournament than Casper but bogeyed three more. This year Casper led

continued

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in average score per round, and he won six tournaments (no one else won more than two). Billy earned more than \$200,000, almost \$50,000 ahead of the second-place Nicklaus. Some golfer.

Arnold Palmer played well enough but he was behind the leaders. He was seventh in money earned (he won two tournaments) and he tied for 14th in average score with 71.0, which is pretty good but not vintage Palmer. His drives averaged 259 yards, 16 behind Nicklaus, and he was in the fairway more often. It is generally assumed that Palmer has lost ground to Nicklaus because of his putting, and that may well be true on the course, but the statistics show that Arnie and Jack averaged precisely the same number of putts per round in 1968—and their other putting figures are about even. The key difference between them seems to be from tee to green. Nicklaus got there in 39.3, nine-tenths of a stroke better than Palmer's 40.2, and in their average scores for 18 holes Nicklaus had the same nine-tenths of a stroke advantage, 70.1 to 71.0. Another set of figures might pinpoint the difference. Palmer had 72.2% of his drives in the fairway, and he reached the green in regulation the exact same 72.2% of the time. Nicklaus, on the other hand, was in the fairway only 67.1% of the time (which indicates that he was in the rough on about four more holes per tournament than Arnie) but even so he got to the greens in regulation 75.6% of the time, which is better than Palmer. Does this mean that Nicklaus can handle the rough better than Palmer can?

One last thing shone out from the IBM figures. Bob Verwey was first in accuracy off the tee (80.0%) but a woeful last in distance (230 yards). Dewitt Weaver was first off the tee (276 yards) but a terrible 113th in accuracy (59.4%). Weaver, chasing those booming, wandering drives, was 121st (fourth from last) in getting to the green, while Verwey, slowly plodding down the middle of the fairway, was 119th (sixth from last). They averaged the same number of putts on greens hit in regulation. All I can think of is, what a pairing these two would make.

In fact, there are three matches I would love to watch: Verwey-Weaver, Knudson-Cerrudo and Nicklaus-Casper. They'd make me forget I ever heard of Tony Manero.

END



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**"Yesterday. They said we'd fly out Yesterday.
But we'll be here till Christmas Day. Oh, I
believe in Yesterday. . . ."**

Lesth-Smith was putting a lot of feeling into his song, and when a 200-pound Rugby forward from Nairobi gives way to emotion, you won't find a dry glass in the house.

In the bar of the Standing Stones Hotel, Orkney, the small audience that my friend had collected murmured its appreciation of this striking piece of parody, then returned to the task of working through the second shelf in from the left, where they kept the special single-malt Highland whiskies. They had got as far as Glenmorangie and were considering a shift to Islay Mist. The first casualty of the evening, a bearded schoolteacher from Edinburgh, had already been removed, but there could be no such weakening for either Lesth-Smith or myself, since we inhabited Rooms 5 and 6 of the Standing Stones.

Pleasant, well-furnished rooms they had looked to us when long, long ago we had moved in. We couldn't understand why the manageress had apologized for them and said of course there would be a special low rate. We understood now. Just a thin wooden partition separated Room 6 from the bar and Room 5 from the ladies' room. For me, it was just a continuous roar, like an angry sea, but Mike underwent a more subtle torture. There might be peace for as long as 15 minutes, but then a shattering assault of heels and clacking voices would send his bedhead vibrating. Things would generally settle down around 3 a.m., except for Saturday night. The electric guitar group played on Saturday night.

There was no point in complaining. In this classic can't-beat-so-join situation we had learned to sit it out stoically. With the consideration that they would normally reserve for the aged or the physically handicapped, the regulars of the Standing Stones had allocated us two high stools at the end of the bar, where



you could rest your back against the wall.

We had learned to inch our way along with the drinks also. On Orkney the standard shout is for a large whiskey accompanied by a glass of strong, dark beer they call a "wee heavy." That kind of drinking might be all right for one night or even two. But it seemed to Lesth-

continued

A Wee Heavy Orkney



Odyssey

A lingering fog, a frustrating fishing festival and a little redheaded woman were enough to drive strong men to drink—especially the occupants of Rooms 5 and 6

BY CLIVE GAMMON

Smith and me that our fishing trip to the island was going to be indefinitely extended.

I had better explain about Orkney. Geographically, it is a group of islands lying off the north coast of Scotland, across the stormy Pentland Firth. Politically—at least at the time of writing—it is part of Scotland and hence of the United Kingdom. In reality, however, it is inhabited by farmers and fisherfolk of undoubted Scandinavian descent who speak English with a singsong Welsh accent. I cannot explain this latter fact, but as a Welshman myself I couldn't understand why everyone there was imitating me, until I discovered they weren't. The Scandinavian bit is straightforward enough, though. Dark-sailed, dragon-prowed long ships brought the Vikings to Orkney in the 8th century A.D. The great natural harbor of Scapa Flow was the base from which they sailed to harry the coasts of Britain and Ireland right through the Middle Ages.

After that the Vikings just kept coming. Until exactly 500 years ago the Orkneys were a Norwegian possession, but in 1468 King Christian I (known as Empty Purse to his loving subjects) decided to marry off his beautiful daughter Margaret to the boy-king, James III of Scotland. Old Empty Purse naturally didn't have the 60,000 golden-florin dowry that the canny Scots required. He paid 10,000 florins down and promised the rest later. As collateral he offered the Orkneys. But no florins came. The Scots snatched the islands and have held onto them ever since, in perfect confidence, until August of this year when some diligent scholar in the British Museum turned up the original agreement. Legal opinion is divided, but it is at least arguable that the Norwegian government could, in theory, pay off the balance and repossess Orkney.

To Leith-Smith and me, however, any political change would make little difference. We would still trek out to the airfield at Grimssetter each morning. The girl would be dressed in SAS uniform instead of British European Airways rig, and the announcements would be in Norwegian instead of English. But the mes-

sage would be the same. No flights in or out. We were lucky that the roads were still open. You could look over a fence, and all you would see would be the dim, 200-yard-distant silhouette of a long-horned Black Angus cow. From what the native Orcadians—or maybe it should be Orwegians—told us, the fog could go on for weeks.

We had stepped off the plane, though—in the days when planes still flew—in brilliant sunshine. "You have come for fishing?" asked the first Orcadian we met. He was looking at our rods with disbelief. Until little more than a year ago the only fishing heard of on Orkney was trout fishing. The great bundles of rods we carried didn't seem to have anything to do with that gentle art.

"We are here for the Sea Angling Festival," said Mike Leith-Smith grandly, heaving his tackle box into the trunk of the airport bus. He had no idea in the world of what he was going to encounter, but he had brought along his sail-fish gear and a 12/0 reel in case of emergencies (which he had vigorously insisted was legitimate hand baggage all the way from Nairobi). I'd met him on the flight up from London and heard the full story of how he'd been sitting at his managerial desk in a Kenyan import-export agency when he had received a cable from a friend, an Orknophile who had spent 14 successive annual leaves from East Africa catching trout on the islands. DROP EVERYTHING AND COME UP FOR THE SEA FISHING, it said. There must have been somebody in Nairobi to catch everything when it dropped, and import-export must have been going pretty well, because Leith-Smith, pausing only to snatch up his big-game gear, left at once.

Now the awful truth, which had not yet been vouchsafed to Leith-Smith (who was born in Cairo and spent all his life in Africa), is that there are no big game fish in the part of the Atlantic that flows around Northern Europe. Big bluefin tuna were taken off the east coast of England in the 1930s by sport fishermen, but the commercial boats finished them off long ago. Nowadays, to be frank, it's mostly cod, cod, cod. I wasn't go-

ing to be the one to tell Leith-Smith, though. The situation would have to sort of emerge. Then I would try to get him interested in what I was after.

There might not be big game fish around the Orkneys, but there were big fish. Rays and skates, to begin with. In the last couple of months a good number had been taken weighing up to more than 200 pounds. Bigger ones had been lost at the boatside or more likely had been cut away when it was realized there was no means of bringing them aboard. Catching a skate has justifiably been likened to hauling up an animated tombstone, but at least they were big. There were also porbeagle shark up to 400 pounds. And finally there were halibut.

I wanted a halibut, which was why I had come to Orkney. I had wanted a halibut for years, and my last halibut trip had been to Kristiansund Nord, on the west coast of Norway. The harbor there is the center of the Norwegian halibut longlining industry, so I went confidently down to the quay to discover the best place to try. "Off the Orkneys," they told me dourly.

The halibut of the Arctic is a flatfish, an enormous, predatory, muscular flatfish that grows to a fabbed weight of 1,000 pounds and a proved weight of 700. Because European waters represent the extreme southern fringe of the halibut's range, rod-and-line captures are not frequent. The heaviest so far is one of 408 pounds off Ireland.

Not only the word at Kristiansund Nord had drawn me to Orkney. A month previously someone had caught a 168-pounder out of Stromness Harbour there, and the commercial lines had been getting them consistently, though not in great plenty. The great problem, I'd been told, was boats. The small craft there were concerned with lobster fishing mostly. The only chance was to charter one for a few hours of evening fishing after the important work was done.

That was under normal circumstances. But recently the Orcadians have begun to realize that the prospect of big fish will draw idiots from as far afield as Wales and Kenya, their spending money in their pockets. So now, twice a

year, they organize a Sea Angling Festival on a competitive basis, and this means you can fish all day. This would give me at least a chance to meet a halibut. It wasn't a sure thing—but at least I wasn't expecting sailfish.

The sun still shone as we rode the airport bus into town. But then the gray softness closed in, and the delicate northern light brought out the gray and green of the island. Orkney is a hundred shades of gray, and the little port of Stromness is a gray town of ancient stone houses with gables that teeter out over the Atlantic. The narrow streets are paved with massive stone slabs, and alleys run up the hillside to fishermen's cottages. Gray water licks the gray harbor walls and, outside, long skerries of rocks are yellowed with lichen. Black cormorants stretch out their wings to dry, like heraldic birds on an ancient flag in the wind.

September and already it was cold. Inside the Fishermen's Co-operative, red-handed women in boots and rubber aprons and head scarves expertly ripped the guts from crabs, dozens to the minute. Stacked to one side were the salt-water delicacies of the islands, smoked cod and haddock, scallops and kippered herrings.

Mike and I had gone in to look at the 168-pound halibut that was in deep-freeze there. A man with the improbable name of Bunt Knight had caught it, we were told. He was provost of Stromness, as well as a coal merchant. "How would you like to catch one of those?" I asked Mike. He didn't reply, for he was too busy asking the women where the best place was to buy himself a suit-length of Orkney tweed. "You can see about all that when the festival is over," I told him impatiently.

Once we were settled in the hotel I rummaged through my gear. I couldn't send him out there with just a few plastic trolling lures and some Japanese tuna feathers. "You'll want some of these," I said, handing over hooks, swivels and mighty two-pound sinkers. "But we'll get out there," I said. "What do we want the sinkers for?" said Mike, puzzled. He was a long, long way from the blue-and-purple sea and the gentle ocean swell

continued

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"You'll see tomorrow," I said, and we moved into the bar to chat with the locals. It was fairly quiet, with not more than a dozen serious whiskey-and-wee-heavy men ensconced. How were we to know, as we yawned politely at 11 p.m. and said goodnight on account of the long day at sea that awaited us on the morrow, that even then the main task force was crowding nosily into transport outside the Stromness Hotel—which had borne the brunt of the early-evening assault—and was preparing to move on to the Standing Stones? It was on this first night that we learned the truth about Rooms 5 and 6.

In the morning, though, Mike was still smiling. He worked his way through the salted Orkney porridge at breakfast and demanded a fish course, as well as bacon and eggs. Then he was away to Room 5 to prepare.

At the festival rallying point, the pier at Stromness, a thin gray drizzle of rain soaked in from the southeast, and it was hard to tell where the sea ended and the sky began. A drab, uniform army of 50 anonymous competitors stood around, shrouded like seagoing nuns in ankle-length oilskins and heavy capes and sou'westers. Mike stood out amongst them like some exotic bird of tropical plumage in his gay baseball cap and tricolored anorak. "The draw," he was saying, rubbing his hands together in impatient anticipation. "Where do we draw for boats?"

We walked over to where a red-faced Orcadian was calling off names from a soaked elphboard. "Smith and Gammon," he barked. "Both of you in the *Delightful*." No one had spoken to me like that since I left the Air Force, but Mike's high spirits were unaffected. "The *Delightful*?" he caroled at the wet throng. "Anybody seen the *Delightful*?"

It is commonly said that the Scots, and for the moment that includes the Orcadians, have no sense of humor. That

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY DUGARAVA

Outside the harbor strange pillars of sandstone reared up from the base of the cliffs. This one was the famous "Old Man of Hoy."





could be so. But whoever christened the *Delightful* must have had, at least, a finely tuned sense of irony. Broad, black and tarry, she was rubbing herself against the wall at the bottom of the harbor steps 26 feet of ancient lobster boat, reeking of diesel, entirely without shelter apart from a tiny doghouse. Welcoming us aboard was smiling Skipper Hamish who courteously stood aside as, loaded like Christmas trees, we skidded and slithered down the weedy steps and lurched across to a precarious foothold on the gunwale. Safely aboard the *Delightful*, Mike had his first moment of doubt. "Where do we sit?" he whispered to me. I didn't give him the reply his question merited. "There'll be so much action when we hit those halibut," I said, "you won't have time to sit down." But Hamish had overheard. Defiantly he reached into the doghouse and swung out two fish boxes that until an hour previous had been brimful with angry, trussed crustaceans. "Here you are, gentlemen. You'll be comfortable now whatever."

I always like to have a good long discussion with the skipper before setting out for a new fishing ground, and I like to be clear about what I am in for. So, "Halibut," I said, "I thought we might try for a halibut this morning."

The words seemed to wash past Hamish. "Halibut, yes, halibut," he said, savoring the word. "My brother have caught fine halibut. I mind him coming into the pier here"—he pointed at it so that there should be no mistake—"with five halibut one time that covered the whole of this deck." He pointed at the deck.

"So we'll try the halibut this morning, then?" I persisted.

"You're right, it is a fine fish, the halibut," said Hamish. "It is a long way to go to get the halibut."

"I haven't got halibut gear," said Mike worriedly.

"That's right, of course you haven't," said Hamish, smiling amicably.

"I can fix you up," I said firmly. "No problem at all."

"Skate, that is what the anglers like," said Hamish. "They do be getting them

in Scapa Flow. Twenty minutes run, that is all."

"Halibut..." I said, trying to come back, but Hamish was already in the doghouse. Short of overpowering him and seizing command, there was no way that I could see of getting out from under the dark cliffs that stood 1,500 feet up from the water and searching for the halibut in the open sea. I was still saying "halibut" plaintively, after we had cast off and were under way. Hamish smiled and nodded reassuringly and said something that was lost in the roar of the diesel. We took a clear course away from the open sea and into the vast sheltered inlet of Scapa Flow.

The flow is shallow, 10 or 15 fathoms. Fast tides scour it, and it is a graveyard of ships. It was here that the German Grand Fleet came to surrender, and it was here in 1919 that battleship after battleship was scuttled to save the final humiliation. When the water is warm enough in summer sea divers still salvage the uncorroded nickel-alloy plates that the Germans built into their warships.

Fishwise, though, it was less interesting. Enormous skates, small pollack and a repulsive species of spotted dogfish a couple of feet long made up the population. So once Hamish had smilingly indicated to us that we had arrived and commenced to anchor, there was very little choice for Mike and me. I rigged his tackle for him, 50-pound-test line, a running boom to take a two-pound lead and a short wire leader so that the bait would lie on the bottom. The technique, I told Mike, was simple. "Let our line lift your sinker taps the bottom. Put your rod down and set the click so that it will give line to a fish but not the tide. If a skate takes, you'll get a very short run. Do not feel that you have to move swiftly, because a skate never lets go. Take time to adjust your butt socket and harness. Then set the hook firmly and settle down for an hour's tomb-stone hauling."

"That Swede last week," said Hamish lugubriously, "took three hours over his skate. It took him three hours to get it off the bottom to begin with." Skates

have the engaging habit of using their huge pectoral fins to gain suction on the sand, and plenty of anglers have broken out of them under the impression that they have been fouled up on rocks. Alternatively, many anglers have hooked rocks and have worked for long periods under the impression that they were into skates.

All this was a new challenge for Mike, and he eagerly tried to get interested. "You mean," he said, "that there's nothing I can do except sit here and wait? Can't we bring them on somehow?"

"No," I said.

I settled my rod on the opposite side to Mike's, and the long vigil commenced. Sometimes we could see the shore, a quarter of a mile distant. At other times it was blotted out by billowing curtains of rain that swept in from the mainland. Gulls visited us from time to time but decided swiftly that we were an unpromising food source.

At long intervals came false alarms. An inch or two of line would creek out, and the rod tip would bob a little. "Just dogfish," I told Mike, as he thrust eagerly forward from his fish box.

"That Swede last week, he was thinking that his skate was a dogfish, indeed, but it was a 212-pound skate," intervened Hamish, who had sleepily emerged from his nesting place in the doghouse. Mike needed only this much encouragement. Snatching up his rod, he cradled it, as if willing a skate to hang itself onto the end of the line. "There's something there!" he bellowed, and leaned back into the strike with all the bone-crushing effort that had struck terror into the hearts of opposing forwards in his Rugby past. Had there been a 200-pound skate below it would have been removed from the bottom a lot more swiftly and economically than the Swede had managed to shift his.

But all that came was the sound of rending fish box, and Mike was flush with the deck. He picked up a piece of wood. PROPERTY OF SCARFSTER FISHERIES LTD.—RETURNABLE, it said. He hurled it into the sea. "There was no need to do that, whatever," complained Hamish. I was glad to see I was right

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when Mike reeled in a small, writhing, green-eyed dogfish.

About the seventh hour by my reckoning, Hamish went into the doghouse and heated tomato soup. He passed mugs of it around, saying, "Fishing is inclined to be slow today, boys, isn't it?" It was the most accurate thing he had said all day. "We have to be back at 6:30 for the weighing," he said. I had forgotten that this was meant to be a competition. Now, as well as not catching any fish, we were going to have to sneak ashore. I was glad I wasn't wearing a red-white-and-blue anorak.

Fortunately we were first in. The angry man in oilskins who had allocated us to the *Delightful* was standing on a truck beside a weighing scales, evidently waiting for us to swing our loaded fish boxes up to him. "He back in a minute," called Mike. We made a fast break for the car, changed our clothes swiftly in the murky light of the quayside and were across to the hotel and into our first Glenliddich before the second boat had arrived.

Soon the bar began to fill up with red-faced men, their oilskins steaming in the comparative warmth. Almost without words passing, whiskies and wee heaves began to circulate among them. Bouncing on his heels, his tie neatly tied, his hair combed, Mike inquired of their success in the manner of a curious tourist. "The bloody fish is all gone out from it whateffer!" a wet Orcadian snarled at him. One look around the room told us that we were not alone in our fate. "Russian trawlers, that's what it is," offered a small, hairy man. We all drank to that and growled our agreement.

"What's the bloody navy doing about it, I want to know," contributed the barman. We all had a good alibi. It could still be a good night.

Then, with the last comers, some appalling news arrived. There was a woman. A small, redheaded woman. She came from England. She had just weighed in 120 pounds of fish.

Like a lynch mob, the anglers moved slowly out of the bar, across the lobby and out into the wet night. At the pier-head, in the yellow glare of lamps, was

a small knot of people. On the lorry stood the small redheaded woman, only just taller than the sack of fish that stood beside her. The lynch mob stopped in their tracks. They couldn't face her at close range. "Go on, Alastair," said somebody to the small hairy man, "Go and see what she has."

He returned, quivering with rage. This unspeakable Englishwoman had been anchored very close in all day in shallow water. She had spent the whole time catching tiny pollack, a foot long and less, to fill that sack she couldn't have wasted a minute. The enormity of it was overwhelming. Only a woman would have thought of deliberately bothering with those little things.

There was a general return to the bar. No woman, not even a redheaded Englishwoman, would dare venture into the public bar of a hotel on Orkney. The rage was beginning to die out, and cooler heads were applying themselves to the situation. "Well, jolly good luck to the girl, that's what I say," said Mike expansively. "Lots of jolly good women anglers fish at Malindi!" The red-faced men looked at him as if he had been caught robbing the poor box in St. Olaf's Church.

"We'd better get back to the Standing Stones," I said uneasily. "We'll fish again tomorrow." Back there, moreover, there was a little detail to settle. Faithfully the manageress had promised us that as soon as there was a vacancy the two of us could move out of the front line, as represented by Rooms 5 and 6. And at least six guests, we knew, were due to leave that day. But when we caught up with her, she was extremely sorry, but the situation was unchanged. None of the people had left because they couldn't. The airfield at Grimsetter had been closed all day. Nobody got out or came in. The passenger boat to Aberdeen ran only once a week—and it had left at 5:30 that morning.

"What does she mean 'closed'?" Mike said to me. The concept of fog affecting the schedules of passenger aircraft was foreign to one who flew mostly on East African Airways. "They can't see the end of the runway," I told him, "so

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they can't land." Even then the full terror of the situation did not strike him. "We're both confirmed for Thursday, though," he said, "so that's all right." He thought that the only danger would be a backlog of passenger reservations. I had to give it to him straight. "Sometimes," I said, "the fog hangs about for several days at a time." I might have said weeks, but I am not a sadist, and I didn't want to think about it all that closely myself.

"But that means . . ." he said.

"Yes," I replied.

An indeterminate sentence to Rooms 5 and 6. The long watches of the night interspersed by skate-fishing trips on board the *Delightful*. I shook the thought away. "The sun could be shining tomorrow. For the festival," I said.

It didn't shine, though. The streetlights were still on at 10 a.m. in Stromness next day, and there was a lot of discussion over whether the boats should go out, with visibility down to about 400 yards.

I think it was the bitter thought of the Englishwoman walking off with the silver cup if the day's fishing was canceled that finally decided the committee. It was boats away at 10:30, and Hamish made his policy clear very early on. At no time would he lose sight of the shore. It was a policy that I freely endorsed, even if it meant creeping for hours out to the grounds.

"Halibut?" I asked him hopefully.

"Halibut" are not very plentiful where we are going," he told me severely. For Hamish, that was a screaming, derisive negative. But I rigged my halibut gear. If I was going to be run down in the fog by a Russian trawler, it wouldn't be with minnow tackle in my hands.

Mike was fiddling with his gear also. "Halibut?" I called over to him. He looked up furtively. He was tying on a set of small feathered pollack lures. He must have sneaked through the fog over to Sinclair's tackle shop when I was pulling my boots on. "Right," I said, "I'll remember this. So much for the sailfish king."

Hamish knew his way along the coast, I'll grant him that. We left the low har-

bor skerries behind and punched into the wind under black cliffs that reared far out of vision. Strange pillars of sandstone reared out of the sea. "The Old Man of Hoy," I said, pointing one out to Mike and astonishing Hansh with the extent of my local knowledge. "I saw it on television when they were climbing it," I added, not wishing to astonish him too much.

An hour after we left Stromness Hansh slapped the motor into neutral and declared that it was here we would fish. When he saw me hooking on a small cod as bait he said, "You will catch nothing on that. And you will be beaten by a wee lassie!"

He was entirely correct, as it turned out. I fixed the bait so that it would drift a fathom or so off the bottom. Big halibut swim along very close to the rocks and swing up to take a bait. At least that is the opinion of myself and other experts, none of whom have ever actually caught a halibut. Down there, I soon learned, were jagged pinnacles of rock. I lost three sets of terminal tackle before I settled back to watch Mike, the scourge of the pollack.

He was getting them all right, three at a time, and Hansh would deftly unhook them and throw them into his fish box. By lunchtime he was using my box as well, and by midafternoon he had clearly passed the 120-pound mark.

Thereafter it was going to be sheer strength of arm. Could Leith-Smith operate at twice the rate of the redhead, who was undoubtedly out there in the fog someplace trying to increase her lead? It was going to be a tense time at the weighing.

At 5.30 p.m. Hansh announced it was time to go in, and by then I could see that the saffish king was slowing up, his face very red from the wind and his exertions and the sweat running down from under the baseball cap.

"You might use make it," I said. The two boxes, holding maybe 100 pounds of fish each, were full, and there were plenty of fish in the spare sack also.

"Do you think so?" said Mike eagerly.

"It'll be something to tell them back

reunited



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Funny how someone with a beet can turn chicken when face to face with Jerry West. He's six and a half solid feet of man. And if you think having his hair styled changes that, you're all wet. Hairstyling does change Jerry's appearance, though. Like it subtly calls attention away from his nose (broken eight times in N.B.A. play). That's the thing about hairstyling—it makes more than just your hair look better. Try it. Also try the products that keep your hair looking just-styled every day.

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Guide Division



Orkney Odyssey continued

at the Malindi club anyway." I observed nastily.

Hamish brought us home without any ugly encounters, and we were well back in the queue this time. The three of us hauled the fish up the slippery steps to join the line in the yellow flare of the lamps. Mike had not been the only pollack snatcher of the day. Boxes and sacks of the little fish littered the pier. There was a lot of mysterious activity as men bent over their catches, but no one appeared to be actually weighing fish.

I watched Mike trying to work out whether anyone had beat him, when a man came along with a short piece of wood. "These your fish?" he asked Mike. "You'll just have to check them for size."

"Size?" inquired Mike, his modest smile dying away as he acknowledged ownership of the catch.

"Rule 14 of the Scottish Federation of Sea Anglers," said the man. "Minimum size for pollack is 14 inches. From the tip of the nose to the cleft of the tail."

Some forms of humiliation you shouldn't watch. Like Mike Leith-Smith in his saffish gear kneeling in the rain and measuring off small pollack against a pencil mark on a piece of wood.

I wandered away. Other men were measuring, as well. "Was there any measuring done last night?" I asked. "With the lady's catch?"

"There was not," said the man, in the tone of one in whom the wells of emotion had run dry. "The attention of the committee was drawn to the rule when the boats came in tonight." I didn't need to ask by whom.

Already a stream of outmaneuvered, baffled, savage Orcadians were making their way across to the Stromness Hotel. Over the loudspeaker I heard an announcement. "M. Leith-Smith, 16 pounds, three ounces." I turned and saw M. Leith-Smith looking for somewhere to dispose of the few fish of his catch that qualified.

Maybe we should both have attended the presentation ceremony that evening. It would have been the sporting thing

to do. But you can only ask so much of a man, even a 200-pound Rugby player from Nairobi. Besides, we did have our packing to do, even if it was an act of faith. We had flight reservations next day.

That was the Thursday. By Saturday night—electric guitar night—there was no sign of the fog lifting. I began to have fantasies. Soon they'd be pointing out Mike and me to tourist parties together with the Old Man of Hoy and the druidical standing stones and Bronze Age tombs with which the island was littered. "That's Gammon and Smith," the guide would say. "They came over originally for the fishing. . . ."

"I'll be in this bar *Always*," sang Mike, a new inspiration hitting him. "Not for just a day, not for just a week, not for just a month—but *Always*!" He hit a high, hysterical note on the last *Always*.

"It's just Room 5," I explained to any-

one who wanted to listen. "It's beginning to get him."

"Nobody's got out of here all the week," said the barmaid conversationally. "Only Jimmy Logan."

"He got out?" said Mike. "Who is this Logan?"

Mr. Logan, it appeared, had the contract for hauling newspapers from Inverness to the islands. He had a big black beard, a pilot's license and a tiny twin-engine Briston-Norman Islander. He hadn't missed the paper round one day in four years, even when the scheduled aircraft stayed cowering on the mainland.

We tracked him down and, yes, he would take us, even when he saw the size of Leith-Smith and the amount of gear he carried. The old East African sunshine appeared on Mike's face again as we lifted out of Grimsetter and found the blue sky above it.

In an hour we were at Inverness, at

the BEA desk claiming a refund. All flights south were fully booked, but there was no stopping Leith-Smith now. At the lunch counter sat a man in uniform with pilot's wings. Mike breezily accosted him. "Where are you bound for, Captain?" he said.

If it had been me, I'd probably have been asked to leave the building. I turned away to avoid any embarrassment, but Mike was coming after me with a mock pilot in tow. "This is Captain Abercrombie," said Mike. "He will be taking us to Glasgow."

He actually had Abercrombie carry his largest suitcase out to the aircraft, a shiny new Piper Aztec belonging to a Scotch whisky tycoon. Traveling south he told Abercrombie, "Been doing a little fishing. Up on Orkney. Overrated, in my opinion."

There were, of course, worse ways of putting it.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GHOSTS OF SEASONS PAST

Sirs:

I have just read Dan Jenkins' tongue-in-cheek account of O. J. Simpson's fantastic career to date (*The Pro Fare a Dazzling Dilemma*, Nov. 18). The comparisons of O. J. with Davis, Harmon and Grange, are somewhat startling, but Mr. Jenkins does not tell the reader that those men played 60 minutes of football. I wonder if the great O. J. would have those bursts of speed and acceleration if he got battered half of the game while playing defense, instead of being coddled on the sidelines while the defensive unit got its lumps and bruises?

JACK MITTERLI

Woodbury, N.Y.

Sirs:

Whoever prepared the chart, "Why O.J. Rates as the Best Runner of Them All," must have read an instructive little book of several years ago called *How to Lie with Statistics*. The basic measurement of a runner's competence, which is average yards per carry, was omitted. Using your figures for carries and yards, this works out roughly to: Glenn Davis, 8.6 yards per carry; Grange, 5.4; Harmon, 5.2 and Simpson, 5.1.

Syracuse University, the playground of fine running backs, has also produced some better runners per carry than O.J. The late Heisman Trophy Winner Ernie Davis, for example, had about the same build as Simpson but was a faster runner. He averaged 6.6 yards per carry for 2,386 yards in 1959-61. Jim Brown's average (1954-56) was 5.8 for 2,091 yards, while more recently (1964-66) Floyd Little averaged 5.4 yards per carry for 2,704.

O.J. is a great runner, but don't get carried away with his ball-carrying statistics.

ROBERT W. VENIAN

Riverside, Calif.

Sirs:

We need new scouts, or maybe they are trying to hide Ron Johnson of Michigan.

NATE POLLOCK

Oak Park, Mich.

Sirs:

I was quite disappointed with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* "confidential poll." The poll had one notable absence in the top 26 rated players: Stanford's Gene Washington, one of the nation's leading pass receivers, was not on the list. Any person who has watched Gene Washington this year will agree that he is certainly a very good prospect. He has great moves, was a member of Stanford's 440-yard relay team, and will catch any ball within 10 yards of him.

Maybe Gene Washington won't be among the first draft choices but, if not, those choices won't include the country's best pass receiver.

GLENN MILLER

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

BLUE CHIPPER

Sirs:

In your 1968 College Football Issue (Sept. 9) you had an article about Jack Mildren (*In Pursuit of a Big Blue Chipper*). Jack has now played three games on the University of Oklahoma freshman football team and has proved your excellent article to be correct. If you don't have access to a computer, here's what he's done: passing—40 of 62 for 768 yards, rushing—133 yards in 26 carries for an average of 5.1 yards per carry, total offense—901 yards (300-yard average per game). The OU frosh are undefeated, having beaten Kansas 55-20, Texas Tech 34-18 and Tulsa 77-7.

This proves you must know a blue chipper when you see one. Congratulations and keep an eye on Oklahoma in 1969.

MICKLEY LOVELL

Henryetta, Okla.

FUN IN GAMES

Sirs:

First, I want you to know that the cows in Waddle, Pa., at times are more interesting and sociable than alumni (*The Idea Is to Have Some Fun—And Who Needs to Be No. 1*, Nov. 11). Secondly, I knew that Dan Jenkins was in the press box, and I didn't want to disappoint him on that fourth-and-one call.

It was a great story, very flattering and I certainly want to say thanks.

JOSEPH V. PATRANO

Head Football Coach

Pennsylvania State University

University Park, Pa.

Sirs:

Your article on Penn State worked wonders. Coach Joe Paterno said at the last Quarterback Club meeting that, because of your article, an alumnus has doubled his usual annual gift to the university. His contribution is to the Library Fund.

Would you please mention the following:

1) Joe has a mortgage he'd like to reduce.

2) The university is looking for money to create a Faculty Club.

You may mention these while reporting the fact that Penn State's football team is No. 1.

HAROLD K. WILLIAMS

Carlisle, Pa.

THE STADIUM

Sirs:

William Johnson's article on the Ohio State Buckeyes' return to glory (*Something to Shout About*, Nov. 11) was flattering and enjoyable, but it seems he has done us an injustice. He refers to our Stadium as a "dreary old hulk," a description I must disagree with. True, it was built in 1922 (which may make it old) and it can hold more than 84,000 people (which may make it a hulk), but dreary? May I say that the reactions of the thousands of fans to the results on the field take away any notion of dreariness our Stadium may have.

One more thing. The Stadium (with a capital T as well as a capital S) is also a dormitory for 370 men on scholarship. The men who reside here are spirited, talented, athletic and the possessors of the highest combined academic average (3.0) on campus. We call The Stadium home long after the football season is over, and we'd like our home to get the respect it deserves.

PETE SKRIBUNT

Columbus, Ohio

NOMINATIONS

Sirs:

I nominate John Bower of Auburn, Me., for Sportsman of the Year. His Nordic combined victory in the Holmenkollen championships in Norway was, I believe, one of the most outstanding and one of the most unpublicized athletic breakthroughs of the past year.

As you know, this is the world championship meet for cross-country skiing and jumping, and in Scandinavia it commands more respect than any other athletic contest. As you also know, it is unheard of for an American to do well in the Nordic events, which are normally monopolized by the Scandinavians, Eastern Europeans and Russians.

I myself am an Alpine skier and was on two Olympic Alpine teams, and I am, of course, pleased with all the glamour and notoriety Alpine skiing gets today. But in all honesty, I feel that Bower's accomplishment was bigger than Killy's.

GEORGE MACMILLAN

Boston

Sirs:

Behind every winner in the course of sports there is a loser. It is easy, in my opinion, to be a good sportsman when you win, but it is much harder when you lose. First of all, a loser must accept the fact that he was defeated and is No. 2. Second, in the future people will remember who was No. 1, but they will more than likely have to resort

continued

What it takes to be No.1

by Vince Lombardi



You've got to pay the price.

"Winning is not a sometime thing; it's an all-the-time thing. You don't win once in a while, you don't do things right once in a while, you do them right all the time. Winning is a habit. Unfortunately, so is losing.

"There is no room for second place. There is only one place in my game and that is first place. I have finished second twice in my time at Green Bay and I don't ever want to finish second again. There is a second place bowl game, but it is a game for losers played by losers. It is and always has been an American zeal to be first in anything we do and to win and to win and to win.

"Every time a football player goes out to ply his trade he's got to play from the ground up—from the soles of his feet right up to his head. Every inch of him has to play. Some guys play with their heads. That's O.K. You've got to be smart to be No. 1 in any business. But more important, you've got to play with your heart—with every fiber of your body. If you're lucky enough to find a guy with a lot of head and a lot of heart, he's never going to come off the field second.

"Running a football team is no different from running any other kind of organization—an army, a political party, a business. The principles are the same. The object is to win—to beat the other guy. Maybe that sounds hard or cruel. I don't think it is.

"It's a reality of life that men are competitive and the most competitive games draw the most competitive men. That's why they're there—to

compete. They know the rules and the objectives when they get in the game. The objective is to win—fairly, squarely, decently, by the rules—but to win.

"And in truth, I've never known a man worth his salt who in the long run, deep down in his heart, didn't appreciate the grind, the discipline. There is something in good men that really yearns for, needs, discipline and the harsh reality of head-to-head combat.

"I don't say these things because I believe in the 'brute' nature of man or that men must be brutalized to be combative. I believe in God, and I believe in human decency. But I firmly believe that any man's finest hour—his greatest fulfillment to all he holds dear—is that moment when he has worked his heart out in a good cause and lies exhausted on the field of battle—victorious."

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19 TH HOLE *continued*

to a sport record book to find out who came in second.

I believe one of the most famous losers, who was really a winner, is Roberto de Vincenzo. Because of an error on his scorecard, he was dropped from his rightful place on top of the Masters. Therefore your Sportsman of the Year award should go to Roberto, who quietly accepted the rules and went down to defeat.

SCOTT HENDERSON

Riverside, Ill.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Dan Gurney for Sportsman of the Year. He has emerged as the premiere racing car designer, builder and driver in the United States. His Eagle cars are the favorite on the USAC championship trail. They finished 1-2-4 at the Indianapolis 500 this year, and Dan finished a strong second using an engine modified to his own design. Although continually plagued by bad luck, Gurney has demonstrated the courage and stamina to compete and win in the world's most dangerous sport.

DON HINKLE

Worthington, Ind.

Sirs:

My nominee for Sportsman of the Year is still a toss-up between Al Kaline and Floyd Patterson. I choose Kaline because, after 16 years of waiting, he proved that he was not a World Series fluke. On the contrary, he showed everyone the great fielding and batting skills that have been his trademark ever since the Tigers brought him into the American League.

I choose Mr. Patterson because he has never given up in his quest to do what no man has ever done before—win the heavyweight crown three times.

I hope you will consider my choices when you pick the man you feel is best fitted for this honor.

DAVID WOODFIN

New York City

Sirs:

Earl Morrall has made one of the great comebacks. While leading the Baltimore Colts to a fine season, he has compiled an outstanding record. He has shown sportsmanship while under great pressure. For these reasons, and others, we nominate Earl Morrall as Sportsman of the Year.

STEVEN AGREST
REED B. WEINBAUM

York, Pa.

Sirs:

Either you select Arthur Ashe as Sportsman of the Year or I cancel my father's subscription.

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A Jockey Named Mrs. Thornton

by MARY EVANS

Racetrack fans of the state of Maryland were shocked and surprised some weeks ago when a young lady named Kathy Kusner was granted a license as a jockey. But such a request would not have caused a ripple in the ranks of British railbirds two centuries earlier, when the names of a number of women, both titled and common, appeared in the records as riders.

Women as race riders began to vanish in the first years of the 19th century, but it was in 1804 that the most charming of all of them made her appearance—and quite by accident.

A blue-eyed charmer named Alicia Meynell, who claimed to be the wife of a Colonel Thomas Thornton (although a number of other ladies made the same claim), had gone out one day for a familiar canter on the bridle paths of York, England with her sister's husband, Captain William Flint. In the course of their ride an argument began over which had the better horse. They raced on the spot and the lady won. Chagrined, the gentleman challenged her to a proper match at a proper track against a bet of £1,500. It was a wager Captain Flint must have often regretted making.

There is no indication that Mrs. Thornton, as she called herself, ever regretted a thing and the racing world was with her from the start. As soon as the match was announced, all sorts of bets were placed—on what she would wear, how she would ride and whether she would win. Mrs. Thornton's appearance did not disappoint her admirers. She turned up to race in a dress designed to look like leopard-skin, with blue sleeves, a buff-colored vest and a blue cap (her adversary was all in white), and the crowd, which had to be restrained by a mounted company of light dragoons, cheered. Her horse was led by her friend and protector Colonel Thornton.

The race was over a four-mile course, and for the first three miles Mrs. Thornton kept the lead. "Never," declared a newspaper, "did a woman ride in better style." Nonetheless after three miles the captain pushed ahead on his mount,

took the lead and kept it. Seeing that all was lost, about 500 yards from the post Mrs. Thornton pulled up and conceded defeat. The race had lasted nine minutes and 59 seconds.

The lady's friends said she bore her defeat with admirable good humor. Actually she responded to the loss with a rather sharp wit. A letter soon appeared in the *York Herald* of September 1804, in which Mrs. Thornton insisted that Captain Flint had not treated her with the proper courtesy. She had wanted to be escorted by a gentleman rider in case the ladies' sidesaddle she used should slip, but this was refused. And at the start of the race, with "some sort of word of command" he had told her, "Keep that side, Ma'am," depriving her of her whip hand. Really, she pleaded, with such behavior anyone could win against ladies. She challenged him to race again when she could be mounted on a better horse.

Captain Flint accepted, but the rematch never did take place, at least not with him as rider. But in August 1805, again at York, Mrs. Thornton was once more ready to show her racing mettle, this time against a friend, Mr. Bronford. When Bronford failed to show up, the lady cantered around the course and collected the prize of £2,000 and four hogsheads of French wine.

Meanwhile, her first opponent was busy trying to collect the winnings that Colonel Thornton refused to pay. Thornton's excuse was that the wager wasn't a real bet at all but was only put up to arouse public interest, a kind of advertising. Flint didn't see it that way at all and became so incensed that on the very day Mrs. Thornton was racing he applied a horse whip with some vigor to the colonel's shoulders right there on the track, for which expression of righteous indignation he was severely criticized by the shocked crowd and arrested by the authorities.

The case was later dismissed, but the colonel never did pay up, and the injustice of it all did something to the captain. He began to lose his skill and to dissipate both his good reputation and

continued



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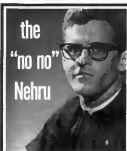
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Mrs. Thornton continued

his considerable fortune. Far worse, he began to suffer from asthma, which he sought to relieve with doses of prussic acid. One day in 1832 he took too much.

Mrs. Thornton, however, was not put off stride one whit. At 3:30 on the afternoon of her triumph, she dressed herself in another dazzling costume, a purple cap and waistcoat with long buff skirts that revealed purple embroidered stockings and purple shoes, and rode for two miles against Buckle, the leading jockey of the day. It is true that he carried a heavier weight than she, but nonetheless she showed her skill and courage. She took the lead and kept it for some time, displaying a fine close seat and perfect riding skills. The crowd was in an uproar. Then with a display of his own skill, Buckle drew ahead. Once more she pushed forward, and after a close duel brought her horse in the winner by half a neck.

The crowd went wild. Some churlish souls later hinted that Buckle had let her win and had proved himself a perfect gentleman by the delicacy with which he kept the race so close. But Buckle was known as the most honest jockey of his day and it would have gone against his grain to throw a race, even out of courtesy, and even for a lady. At any rate, his loss cost him little; he led a long and honored life and ended his days as a successful gentleman farmer.

Mrs. Thornton seemed to think she had won fairly and well, to judge by yet another literary outburst, in which she describes her riding with a skill second only to that of Muhammad Ali.

I put all his tools of skill to the stand,

For the jockey Buck I nearly threw from his seat.

He recover'd his saddle, by seizing the mane,

My mare dared forward, as swift as the wind,

Nor heard I of the horse or of Buckle again,

Till I turned, and beheld them come posting behind.

My pleasure alone, that sensation defies,

Which the Laplander courts from the breeze of the north,

When I saw my Buck distanced, and dashed up the dices

With my mare hard in hand, and my whip in my mouth.

END



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